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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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Yours affectionately
L. M. Brigham

THE
YOUNG QUARTERMASTER.

The Life and Death

OF

LIEUT. L. M. BINGHAM,

OF THE

FIRST SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.

by

Luther S. Livingston

NEW YORK:
BOARD OF PUBLICATION
OF THE
REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH,
SYNOD'S ROOMS, No. 103 FULTON STREET.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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REV. THOMAS C. STRONG, D. D.,

On behalf of the Board of Publication of the Reformed Protestant Dutch
Church in North America, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of
the United States for the Southern District of New York.

EDWARD O. JENKINS,

Printer & Stereotyper,

No. 20 NORTH WILLIAM ST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I have received many letters, from which the following are extracts :

“ Rev. Mr. Bingham :

Dear Sir,—I read your account of the death of your son, Lieut. L. M. Bingham. I think it has done me some good. His saying that he had no anxiety about his salvation, for he had committed it all to Jesus, appeared to throw some light on my mind. Although I am yet in darkness, I want you to pray for me, that I may obtain the same faith that he did, and please pray for me at the Fulton-street Prayer-meeting, that I may find Christ, and be enabled to give up my soul into his hands.

“ I write to request you to publish the dying experience of your son, that it may go through the length and breadth of the land, and that a copy may be sent to every soldier in the army and every sailor in the navy, and that it may find its way to every dwelling, like that precious tract ‘ The True Story of Lucknow.’

“ If a more extended memoir of him should be published, let it be sent far and wide ; and perhaps in the Great Day many will thank you, and you will see the reason why he was so early taken from you, in order that he might be all the more useful.

“ I have long been in the dark. I cannot find the
(iii)

Saviour. That letter of yours gave me new ideas. Pray for me, that I may have stronger desires for him, and that the veil may be rent from my heart, and that I may KNOW my sins forgiven.

“ From an unknown friend.”

Another letter says :

“ Dear Brother Bingham,—I return the account about Luther. Thank you for the privilege of perusing it. I read it to my wife, and we were both deeply interested in it. Indeed, we shed many tears while reading it. Glory to God for such a son and such a death, and for such sweet Gospel testimony !

“ Truly your brother in the faith of Jesus.”

A clergyman, who walks in the same precious faith, wrote that he had read the published account of the young Quartermaster. He expressed the hope that it might be the means of leading many to a more exalted and abiding faith in Jesus.

He hoped something might be prepared, so that Luther could speak to those who were groping in darkness and longed to come into the light and into full assurance of faith in Jesus.

THE great object in the preparation of this little unpretending volume is to do good to soldiers, to Sabbath-school scholars, and to general readers. We are never weary in hearing of the triumphs of Christian faith and of the victories of the Spirit. The young Quartermaster was a bright and living example of what the power and grace of God could do. No one can read the story of his life and death and not feel that he walked amid the higher forms of spiritual life. It might be well said of him that the grace of God had triumphed over the love of self, and had inspired in him the ardent desire that he might live to some good purpose. He sought to be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, and to stand in the evil day.

If this little book shall be the means of inspiring in other minds those high purposes which governed this Christian soldier—if any shall be led to seek after the same assurance of faith in Christ, in life and in death, we shall have reason to rejoice that our labor has not been in vain.

Our thanks are due to all those who have contributed to the interest of these pages.

“**FINALLY**, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

“Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

“For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

“Wherefore, take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

“Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness.

“And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace ;

“Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

“And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God ;

“Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.”

EPHESIANS vi. 10-18.



I.

Night Scenes.

My Father bade me keep this path,
Nor ever turn aside ;
The road which leads away from Him
Is very smooth and wide ;

The fields are fresh, and cool, and green ;
Pleasant the shady trees ;
But those around my own dear home
Are lovelier far than these.

I must not loiter on the road,
For I have far to go ;
And I should like to reach the door
Before the sun is low.

I must not stay ; but will you not—
O ! will you not—come too ?
My home is very beautiful,
And there is room for you.

THE sun was just setting as we cast anchor
in the bay at Hilton Head, July 18th, 1863.
It was going down amid a sea of burnished
gold. " We have had a most delightful pas-

sage," said the passengers to each other, as they were making their preparations to separate. The Provost-marshal had come on board of the *Arago*, and was busy overhauling and inspecting the passports and permits of the passengers, and ascertaining the character and objects of each. All was bustle and earnest preparation for going ashore.

My destination was Beaufort. A telegram had been sent to General Saxton, the General and Military Governor, whose headquarters were at this beautiful town, that mails and passengers had arrived, and requesting him to send a steamer down for them. It was not known whether the request would be complied with, or whether the steamer would come the next day, as was the usual course.

Meantime, I had made up my mind to tarry at the Head, as it was Saturday night. I thought I would stay where I was, over the Sabbath, go on shore on the morrow, and attend Sabbath religious services, wherever I would find them, and proceed to Beaufort on Monday. To this conclusion I came, to avoid the violation of any part of the day of sacred rest, and with

this conclusion I retired to my state-room for the night, with the deep feeling of disappointment that I could not spend the Sabbath with my beloved son in the camp of the First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers.

I had fallen into a sound sleep, when a Chaplain on General Saxton's staff, who had been my fellow passenger, came and awoke me, and said the steamer from Beaufort was lying off at a little distance. He requested me to arise, dress myself as soon as possible, and go with him on board, and we would go up to the town together. I told him that I had considered the whole matter, and that under all the circumstances I preferred to remain.

He said, "There are very urgent reasons why you must proceed to-night to Beaufort. We have no time to lose, so you must get ready, as quickly as possible, and go with me."

I hesitated no longer, but arose and finished my preparations, and in the darkness went over the ship's side and down the ladder into a little boat, and in a few minutes we were on board the little steamer and on our way to Beaufort. On board we found several persons, ladies and

gentlemen, some of whom had come down to meet and greet their friends. About three o'clock, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, I found we were nearing the town, and up to that time I had not heard a word of those urgent reasons why I should leave the ship. When we were only a little distance from the wharf, the Chaplain came to me and said,

"Brother Bingham, your son is very sick."

"What is the matter with him?" said I, startled and alarmed.

"He is struck with paralysis, and lies in the second house from where we shall land. I will call there with you on landing," he replied. This was dreadful news.

I could make no more conversation, for my mind comprehended the worst at once. I knew the case must be very bad, or he would not be so very urgent that I should go up that night from the Head—*very bad*—or he would have spoken of the case sooner.

We were soon at the door of the mansion where my dear boy lay, for he had come into town, and by these kind friends, where he had called, had been urged to remain over night,

and the next day his case had become so alarming that he could not be moved.

The Chaplain went forward and made inquiry, and an officer in charge came and said he did not dare to let me speak to him that night, as he had been directed by the attending surgeons to keep him as quiet as possible. I was told that I had better come with the Surgeon in the morning.

I begged the privilege of stepping forward and looking at him, which was allowed, inasmuch as his back was toward me, and it was supposed that he would not notice or know of the presence of any one except his attendants. In this we found afterwards that we were mistaken. He did know that some one was there very desirous to see him. He received that impression, and it took his attendants a long time to quiet him after I was gone. My stay was but a moment, just long enough to take in the whole. There he lay on his camp bed, which had been brought up from his quarters. There lay his uniform and clothes, hanging over the back of a sofa as he had laid them off. Prostrate lay my dear boy, whom I had never

seen suffering a day's sickness scarcely before. The last I had seen of him he was in apparently robust health.

I had entertained fond hopes of a happy and joyful meeting with him, though this was entirely incidental to my visit to the Army of the South. I had gone simply as the agent of the Board of Publication of the Reformed Dutch Church, to form acquaintances with officers, chaplains and men, to learn their wants, and to distribute religious reading among them, and to prepare the way for sending more abundant supplies, so far as we could.

This was my first-born son. He had a sister nine years older than himself, who was my eldest-born. No sister's hands could be with him now, and yet there were sisterly hands that ministered to him, in connection with the rougher hands of the kind and attentive officers and men of his regiment. I shall never cease to feel thankful that he had lady friends in Beaufort, who from the first of his sickness took the deepest interest in the young Quartermaster, and did not spare such attentions and ministrations as they could bestow.

II.

My Countrymen in Arms.

What are meetings here but partings?

What are ecstacies but smartings?

Union, what but separations?

What attachments but vexations?

Every smile but brings its tear,

Love its ache, and hope its fear;

All that's sweet must bitter prove;

All we hold most dear remove!

Heavenward rise! 'tis Heaven in kindness

Mars our bliss to heal our blindness;

Hope from vanity to sever,

Offering joys that bloom for ever.

In that amaranthine clime,

Far above the tears of time,

Where nor fear nor hope intrude

Lost in pure beatitude.

NOT the least interested of all others were two sable men in attendance, with the young officer, on my son. The officer was then Quartermaster's Sergeant, but now he holds the rank of Lieutenant, by promotion for good sol-

dierly conduct. Who were these dusky men? They were members of the First South Carolina, a regiment of colored men, most of whom were once slaves. Both of them were God's freemen—not only set free in God's holy providence, but better than all, freemen in Christ Jesus : for whom the Son makes free they shall be free indeed. These men were noble specimens of their race. They were the young Quartermaster's faithful helpers, and they had become exceedingly attached to him, and he knew and felt it, and it was a great delight to him to have their kind attentions.

They were good soldiers of Jesus Christ, as well as good soldiers of their Government, and the bond that bound them was stronger than death. For this reason it was a joy that these men could attend upon him. I knew and felt that all these men could be trusted to do all that could be done. In that assurance I went slowly to my place of stay to wait the coming of the morning when I could go in with the Surgeon.

My Countrymen in Arms!

These unpretending pages are written for

you. You have given all that you are, and all you can be, and can do, to your country. A nation's gratitude is due to you, and will follow you. Especially will the great Christian heart of this nation ever beat with quickened and warm pulsations when it sends forth its prayers for your happiness, safety and success. Millions of prayers go up to God daily for you, from pious fathers and mothers and wives and brothers and sisters and friends—sent up to the mercy seat, from your loved homes, by those who love you as they love their own lives.

Thousands have gone from their homes to return to them—*perhaps*—no more. Many who went with you to the war have now gone to their eternal homes. They will return to the loved ones they left no more. “No more to return” has fallen upon their crushed spirits with a terrible pang. Our land is filled with mourning on account of the ravages of war.

The war is not ended, though we pray that it soon may end. We pray, that peace may come and that it may be established in righteousness. For such a peace we all should pray. For such a peace you put your precious

lives in jeopardy every hour. You fight your battles to secure it. You throw your lives into the "imminent deadly breach" that rebellion may be overcome.

My soldier countrymen! you owe a duty to your own country, but you owe a higher duty to your own being and to God. It is not right to endanger your souls. No man has a right to throw his soul away. No! You may not be able to save your natural lives, but on the contrary, you must expose them to instant death in the hazard of battle. When the command is given, no man has a right to hesitate for a moment to obey. Obedience may lead to death—certain death to some. Yet every order must be most strictly obeyed and complied with. Every good soldier understands this. Only this is safe.

If life is in jeopardy, your souls must also be in danger. I know that some men say that a soldier has no right to be concerned about the future. But we say that he, of all others, should be at peace with God.

Be entreated, then, to seek the salyation of your souls. Fear God and you will have no-

thing else to fear. We must have good men to fight our battles.

I urge you to attend to the subject of salvation. The importance of it will brook no delay. Now is the accepted time. Behold, now is the day of salvation. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned. These are the words of the Bible.

I wish you could understand the full force of the meaning of those wonderful words.

“Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.”

There is no strength and power like this. It is a mysterious, amazing power, by which a man becomes energized by an influence from above. A man is strong in the Lord when he becomes conscious that he is engaged in a cause upon which the Lord smiles with favor : strong in the power of his might, when he believes that he is animated by a spirit which God approves. Men strong in the Lord and in the power of his might are valiant men. Such were Cromwell's men. They never lost a battle.

They were men of religious convictions and purposes.

Such were Havelock and his men. They were men who feared God, but were as fearless and bold as lions in the field of battle. When a hazardous expedition was on foot, or a dangerous assault was to be made, these, of all the men of the British army, were chosen to execute the same. "Give me Havelock's men," said Sir Colin Campbell as he was about to storm one of the strongest redoubts of the enemy. "Give me Havelock and his saints and I will win the day."

Christian heroes are heroes indeed. There are such. Our own armies have furnished many illustrious examples—a great multitude. We want more. I want you to understand what it is to be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

III.

The Good Soldier of Jesus Christ.

'Tis not for man to trifle ! Life is brief
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours.
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we,
One, only one !
How sacred should that one life ever be,
That narrow span !
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream,
No fable of the things that never were,
But only seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

THOSE were weary hours in which I waited
until I could go in with the attending Surgeon.
I had not been given to understand by the

Quartermaster's attendants how great his danger was. Perhaps they did not know themselves. How should they? I did not then dream that his case was so critical, and even then beyond all hope. My mind was busy forming plans. I had been, as I felt, in some measure instrumental in his coming into this department. Perhaps I had indirectly been instrumental, by the advice which I had given him, of bringing this injury upon him. I thought over all the past. I said to myself, I must do all I can to get him home. I will go home with him, and I will tell him so in the morning.

Then I thought of the bright history of his later life. I felt comforted that he had acted the part of a Christian soldier. I had not been ignorant of the stand he had taken and the part he had acted. I had heard of him and from him. I believed him to be ready for life or death. My heart was filled with great comfort and gratitude that God had enabled him to act the part of the Christian soldier. I had prayed for this. I had asked others to pray for the same. A good soldier of Jesus Christ I asked

that he might be. What did I pray for, and what is, to be a *Good Soldier of Jesus Christ*?

It is Paul's phrase, and his life is the clear illustration of its meaning. Let us remember, first, that the Lord Jesus Christ wants *soldiers*. He has a cause, a crown, and a kingdom. His enemies are many and mighty, and he is to overcome them all. But for their discomfiture and overthrow he needs and calls for the services of all who are capable of being valiant for the true and the right. He carries on a war with principalities and powers, and with the rulers of the darkness of this world—subtle, daring, malignant, and vigilant foes, all of them ; but they are *all* to be subjugated and made obedient to the righteous sceptre of the King of Zion.

Men, women, and children, redeemed by the blood of Calvary, and enlightened by the Holy Spirit, compose the army which is being led by the great Captain of Salvation against the rebel hosts of error and of sin. This army is already large ; it consists of many divisions, and is moving in compact columns ; still it is constantly suffering depletion from death and disease. Its

thinning ranks need to be refilled. As its veterans go up higher to receive their everlasting rewards, recruits must be brought in. Instead of the fathers, the children must come forward; and in place of the disabled, the "young men who are strong" are required to take their stand with armor of proof.

Every church is a recruiting-office; every sermon proclaims the terms of enlistment, and every minister of the Cross is authorized to commission those who are ready to renounce the service of Satan and enter the army of the living God. Yes! soldiers are needed to carry the battle to the gates of hoary Error, and of dismal Superstition, and of embruting Idolatry, and of sensual Atheism, that souls may be rescued from the gaping pit of perdition, and the whole world be made free with the freedom which only Jesus Christ can bestow and preserve. Who will enlist to-day—even now, while the invitation is being read?

"The conflict is raging—'twill be fearful and long;
Then gird on your armor, and be marching along."

Our great Captain needs *good* soldiers.

Timid, half-hearted, selfish mercenaries, who think that gain is godliness, or that indolence is acceptable duty, would prove to be but vagabond camp-followers or cowardly stragglers when once confronted with the foe, or when marching through his dominions. Such would only weaken the effective force of the Christian host ; they could add at least nothing to its real strength.

Let us try to describe a *good soldier* of Jesus Christ :

He is heart and soul, with mind and body, devoted to the cause of his Captain. He judges that since he was dead in trespasses and in sins, and has been made alive by the grace of his Saviour, he should henceforth live wholly and entirely for the salvation of his fellow-sinners and the honor of his Lord and Saviour. For him "to live is Christ." He "glories in the Cross," and in that only. He delights in the way of truth, and longs to have others walk with him in that way. Having made no reserve for the world or self, he gives himself wholly, for time, and for eternity, to the service and guardianship of his Almighty King and Keeper.

He cheerfully submits to wholesome discipline.

A good soldier is made such by drill and training. He must learn to know his arms and how to use them ; how to march in unison with others in making aggressive movements upon the battlefield, and how to detect a lurking foe or cunning spy. Such discipline must be acquired in the closet ; in prayerful study of the Bible, which is the Christian's manual of instruction ; in the social prayer-meeting, where is cultivated "the goodly fellowship of the saints," the *esprit du corps* so essential in the spiritual warfare ; and in the Church, where all are required to be defenders of the faith and fellow-helpers of the truth.

He endures hardness. War proffers no ease.

It invites rather to rugged toils, and heavy burdens, and sharp, deadly conflicts. Therefore, a good soldier of Jesus Christ welcomes toil. When most exposed to hardships and dangers, he joys even in tribulation, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, because the love of God is shed abroad in his soul. Even in the fiercest conflict he is ready to sing,

“Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas?”

He is careful to have on all his armor. He knows that the very best has been provided for him, and that without *it*, if exposed to the fiery darts of the enemy, he is sure to be captured or slain. Therefore, he has his loins girt about with truth, his heart covered with the breast-plate of righteousness, and his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; on his left arm is the shield of faith, on his head the helmet of salvation, in his right hand the sword of the Spirit, and on his lips the watchword of prayer. Thus he is furnished both for defensive and offensive war, and is made stronger than all they who can be against him. Thus he is enabled to withstand oppositions in the evil day, and having overcome all, still to stand firm and unmoved under the banner of light.

He is not only willing, but eager, to meet the enemy. The Christian cannot act in defence only of his position and cause; he must needs advance, make careful approaches, and invest

with proper force all the various fortifications of iniquity. His business is to assail them, and compel a surrender to the rightful Ruler and Sovereign. This sort of warfare may be carried on in many ways ; it admits and welcomes every intellectual, moral, and spiritual implement suited to the nature of the conflict ; and they only can be accounted good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, who are ready to exert all their powers in the holy war against Satan and his usurped authority over the human race.

He does not weary of the service. Others may fall away, or tire or desert ; but the good soldier of the Cross delights in the service he has entered, and fights the good fight of faith with increasing confidence and courage. Every sin overcome, every evil abolished, every successful inroad made into the territory of wickedness, and every trophy gained, serve to heighten his zeal and inflame his love for the cause which he lives to sustain and promote. He is neither appalled by perils, nor disheartened through the treachery of false brethren, nor cast down by disappointments, nor dismayed

by occasional reverses, but fights on, knowing that he can do all things possible, through Christ strengthening him. Forgetting all these as soon as they are past, he presses with growing ardor toward the prize of his high calling, even toward his unfading crown, which the Lord will give him in the moment of his triumph over the "last enemy."

The good soldier of Jesus Christ knows assuredly that victory is certain in the armies of the Lord. They are engaged in no doubtful contest. The kingdoms of this earth shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. The Almighty has so decreed ; prophecy has foretold it ; promise has made it sure ; the blood of the Lamb has ratified the covenant to this effect ; and though the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel against the Lord and against his Anointed, yet is it written, " Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron ; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel. Jesus shall have dominion from sea to sea, and

from the river to the ends of the earth. Yea, all kings shall fall down before him ; all nations shall serve him !”

The battle is pitched, and will go on. The victory is sure. It will be gloriously won ; and every good soldier of Jesus Christ will be a partaker of the joy and fruits of that august victory over Sin, and Satan, and Death. How sacred, how sublime the privilege of living to and for

“ That God which ever lives and loves—
One God, one Law, one Element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves !”

Now, my fellow-soldier, are you ready to become a good soldier of Jesus Christ ? He will be your Captain and Leader. He will lead you as no other Captain ever did or can. He conducts through all the good fight of faith to the crown which is laid up in heaven for you. At the end there is a crown and a kingdom ; and if you will fight you shall reign, and be a king and priest unto God for ever and ever.

Come now ! Put on the whole armor, and go forth against the powers of sin and darkness. You shall come off conqueror and more than conqueror.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,
No idle tale ;
No cloud that floats along a sky of light
On summer gale.
Thay are the true realities of earth,
Friends and companions even from our birth.

O life below ! how brief and poor and sad !
One heavy sigh.
O life above ! how long, how fair and glad !
An endless joy.
Oh ! to be done with daily dying here ;
Oh ! to begin the living in yon sphere !

O day of time, how dark ! O sky and earth,
How dull your hue !
O day of Christ, how bright ! O sky and earth,
Made fair and new !
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green ;
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene !

IV.

Early Childhood and Early Losses.

Go teach these little feet the way
That leads to endless life,
And let their footsteps never stray
In paths with danger rife.

Those lambs of mine most precious are,
The humblest in the fold;
Their worth exceeds the brightest star,
Or gems of earthly mould.

For such as these from heaven I came,
And lived a child on earth;
For such as these I died in shame,
To give them heavenly birth.

LUTHER MELANCTHON BINGHAM was born at Marietta, Ohio, September 20th, 1836. Consequently, this Sabbath, which dawned July 19, 1863, completed twenty-six years and ten months of his life. He was the son of Rev. Luther G. Bingham, who had been settled as pastor of the Congregational

Church of that place for nearly eleven years, while he, himself, was a member of the Presbytery of Athens, Ohio. Luther's grandfather, Reuben Bingham, of Cornwall, Vermont, and his great-grandfather, of the same, and a long line of ancestry on his father's side, were distinguished for their earnest and intelligent piety and thorough knowledge and love of the great cardinal doctrines of the Gospel. His mother was Sarah, daughter of Captain Eliphalet Samson, also of Cornwall, Vt., who too was a descendant of a long line of pious ancestry. Captain Samson was an officer in the war of 1812, and always insisted on having his men together every morning for morning worship. He was a strict disciplinarian and a devoted Christian.

In the autumn of 1839, the father of Luther resigned his pastoral charge and accepted the secretaryship and general agency of the Western American Education Society, and removed with his family to Cincinnati. It was with great regret that the family took leave of a large circle of friends and a most affectionate Church and people in Marietta, and removed to

their new home. But such seemed to them the path of duty. After their removal, the hearts of the parents of Luther yearned for the friends whom they had left behind, and sometimes the mother and her children would make an occasional visit there, while his father would be abroad on the wide field of his labors. Luther had a sister nine years older than himself and a brother three years younger.

In the month of March, 1840, these children were suddenly bereft of one of the best of mothers, by death. No one ever became acquainted with the mother of these children, who could for a moment doubt about the heavy blow that had fallen upon them. It was almost without warning, and awfully severe—the father engaged in a wide and cumbersome agency—and these children far removed from any relatives. The situation of the family was one of great trial.

During the summer following the death of the mother, the father made very strenuous efforts to keep his family together, but in the autumn he became convinced it was impracticable, and the family was broken up and the children

placed in the care of one of the kindest of families in Marietta, and among the old friends of their father and mother. This was a great blessing to the children.

The domestic bereavement which came upon these children, in the loss of their beloved mother, was to have a great influence upon their after life, in the series of events of which this seemed to be the beginning.

In May, 1841, little Luther and his sister and brother were introduced to the care of his second mother, who was Miss Julia Ann Davis, daughter of William Davis, Esq., an elder in the Old Tennant Presbyterian Church, in Freehold, New Jersey. She was married to Rev. L. G. Bingham, April 1, 1841, and in the ensuing month entered with a noble-hearted zeal upon her responsible and coveted duty—the care of these children. She proved a noble mother—a self-denying mother—a successful mother. Never was a mother more affectionate, judicious and deserving of the love of her children, and she had it. These children clung to her as to their own mother, and though other children were born in the family, there

was never known to be any difference between the first and the last. The word step-mother was never used in the family, and the idea conveyed by the word was never thought of. The children of the second mother were great favorites with the children of the first mother, and their beautiful lives were so blended together in perfect harmony, that it was never felt that they were not full brothers and sisters. The second mother was qualified by nature, culture and grace for her position, and well did she fill it toward her adopted children. She was resolved to do all in her power to be to them all their own mother would have been, and would have her be. Her mission in this regard was a constant joy to her. It was *never* that she felt the care of these children to be a burden.

Luther had but the faintest recollections of his own mother. He had no knowledge, in fact, of any mother but the one God provided for him.

In 1843 the health of this mother failed and she was obliged to move East with all the family. This removal resulted in the settlement in Ver-

mont of the father over a village Church, as Pastor, which relation was maintained for eight years. It was during a revival of religion, toward the latter part of this time, in this Church and congregation, that Luther became hopefully pious and made a public profession of religion. It is believed that his younger brother became a Christian about the same time, though he was so young that he was not encouraged to connect himself with the Church. Subsequent events showed that the hopes then indulged were well founded, though he was but a mere child.

During the residence in Vermont a sore bereavement was experienced in the death of two lovely little children, the eldest ones by the second marriage. They were very lovely, and to the parents and to the older children this was a dreadful blow. The bonds of affection between them were very strong, and could not have been stronger.

These facts are mentioned to show the influences which conspired together to form the character of Luther. At this time he was naturally a headstrong boy, and needed to

be held in with an even and strong rein. The death of his beloved sisters had a strong influence over him and made a lasting impression. He never could refer to it afterwards without being sensibly affected.

Yet, like all losses of this nature, the first deep impression was in some measure obliterated, but yet it had its influence, and that of a salutary nature. Though impressions may be effaced in some measure, they are not all obliterated. God meant these visitations in this family for good, and so they proved.

Another event which had a great influence in shaping Luther's future course was the loss by his father of all his property. This had come to him in the mysterious providence of God, and it went from him in the same mysterious providence. The crash was complete. It was sudden and final. All was gone. The change which came over the family in consequence of this event had a mighty influence in moulding the character of the two brothers Luther and William. Probably no greater blessing could have been bestowed than this reverse in the pecuniary condition of their father.

In the autumn of 1852, the family removed to the City of New York, when Luther was a little more than fourteen years old. This was done in order that his father might engage in those literary and ministerial pursuits to which he had been accustomed in his western life, by means of which he hoped to support himself and family.

Up to this time Luther had been nearly all his life in schools and academies, and had acquired a good thorough English education for a lad of his years. Now an entire change took place in his condition and prospects. He longed for employment. He had not a drop of lazy blood in him. He sought work and was determined to get it. But it was not so easily found.

I shall never forget how earnestly day after day he walked the streets of New York in quest of employment. He thought somebody must want him. Well do I remember how lame he became and foot-sore from continual tramping on the pavements, to which he was unaccustomed, and how discouraged he would come back at night after a long day's peram-

bulations. It was weeks before he found anything to do. All this was a discipline which he much needed to strip him of all his pride and lofty anticipations of success. The battle of life was fairly begun and he began to feel how sharp it might be.

When employment was secured he fell under influences of the most favorable character. He was under the control of Christian gentlemen, who did not fail to appreciate the boy of all work, and who soon perceived that he had a spirit which, if fostered, would make him valuable to himself and to others. He was treated with great kindness and consideration, and the watch which he carried in his pocket at the time of his death was a gift from one of his early employers. This watch went with him to the war, as a memento of the donor, whom Luther had nursed through a fearful sickness, and who always said he owed his recovery to Luther more than to any one else. These things are mentioned to show one trait of his character—his unselfishness and devotion to those who were his friends. He could never do too much for them.

In process of time this firm became dissolved, and it became necessary for Luther to seek another place of business. He was encouraged to go to Marietta, Ohio, in company with his brother—the place where he was born, and where resided the early friends of his father and his own dear mother. Here both children were treated with great kindness, but the result did not realize much advantage to either, over and above that discipline which they had to undergo by this absence from home, from which they were now separated for a year. It was with great reluctance the father consented to their going, under the deep impression that when the family were all together for family worship, on the morning on which they left, they never would be all together again. He followed them over to Jersey City, and saw them on board the cars for the West, with a pang at his heart—persuaded that the separation of the family that day would be final to some of them.

And so it proved. Before the year had sped away, and the time for their return had come, the dear, precious mother had died.

V.

The Warfare and Means of Victory.

But when the Lord who bought me
Asks for my service here,
To "fight the good fight" faithfully,
I'm skulking in the rear.

And yet I know this Captain
All love and care to be :
He would never get impatient
With a raw recruit like me—

And I knew he'd not forget me
When the Day of Peace appears,
I should share with him the victory
Of all his volunteers.

AT the time of Luther's return from his western place of abode, for the space of a year, I thought as far as I could judge he had been laying off the whole armor of God instead of putting it on. He was now eighteen years old, and just on the narrow strand between boy and man. He was neither one nor
(42)

yet the other—too much of a man to be a boy—too much of a boy to be a man.

He was impulsive and resolute in whatever he undertook, and did not always conduct himself with so much regard to the spirit of Christian duty as before he left home. Though he was outwardly moral and correct in his deportment, yet he had evidently lost much of the power of Christian faith. How easy to lose it! What wonder that he had gone backward? He never became estranged from home. He loved his home as few lads do. His younger brother William, who went and returned with him, mourned his absence from home, and being younger and less matured, he had all the feelings of a child, and his clinging affections longed for the embraces of the dear ones at home. The two were very unlike, and yet they had the tenderest love for each other.

We want to talk or write about this whole armor of God. We should like to tell how Luther laid it off and how he put it on. But first of all we must speak of what it is. If we had all the people before us who will read these words, and could lift up a voice like a trum-

pet so that a hundred thousand or more could hear. we would choose for our text those words of Paul: "Take unto you the whole armor of God." Because we are breathing the atmosphere of war, and the minds of men are easily filled with illustrations drawn from the battlefield, we would make a brief discourse for the times on the warfare and victory.

We are told to take this armor that we "may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to STAND ; stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace : above all, taking the shield of faith.'

All these preparations are to enable us to STAND. Firmness in standing is the first requisite of a good soldier. If he cannot stand when he ought to stand, he is no man. We need Christian soldiers in the host of God, that can stand in the day of trial that is now on us. The danger of the hour is that we are to be swept away from our moorings, and borne out on the sea of wild excitement that

surges and rolls around us. We have our duties as citizens, and he is false to God who is false to his country in such a day as this. But patriotism asks no sacrifice of Christian principle or action. We may and must work for Christ and the souls of men while we live and die for our Government. We must stand fast in our profession, let the world drive on as it may. Keep the heart with all diligence. Set a guard on the lips. Let every Christian be careful to keep himself unspotted from the world, while the temptations to excess are so many that it requires prayer and watchfulness to maintain a holy walk and conversation. "Having done all, STAND."

TRUTH should be your guide. It is a fact that truth is at a dreadful discount just now. It is less esteemed than ever. The great question is, "what will answer the purpose?" not, "what is true." How hard it is to get at the truth, even in matters that most nearly concern the glory of our arms and the happiness of our families. Even official reports are found to be fabulous, and the public mind has ceased to have confidence in the first news of any great

movement. To be a true soldier of Christ, and a good citizen of his Government, have your loins girt about with truth. Say the truth if you speak at all. Be silent if you cannot be true.

These are trying times, and men may not be willing to hear the truth, but nothing will justify you in testifying falsely when you speak for God and your country. Nor can you be false if you have on "the breastplate of RIGHTEOUSNESS." It is the glory of a good man to be clothed with uprightness; to be above suspicion of a want of integrity: to be JUST before God and his fellows. The higher his sphere of action, the more he needs this breastplate. The heavier his responsibilities as a soldier, a general, a commander, a President, the greater his need of being cased in steel armor, and especially that his breast be covered with righteousness. He is bound by his oath to support the Constitution, and if he fails, he fails for want of righteousness. If you despise the Constitution, it is because you have not put on the breastplate of righteousness. When a distinguished man avowed his

motto to be, "Constitutional or not," he tore off the golden breastplate of righteousness, and put on that miserably false *expediency* which every true, live, brave Christian man tramples beneath his feet with scorn, when duty to God and his country calls him to STAND. When Henry Clay said he would rather be right than be President of the United States, he spoke the words of a truly great soul. We want a people clothed with righteousness, that they may make legislators and officers who fear God and hate covetousness. But the people have forsaken God. What wide-spread corruption prevails! What frauds have been practiced on the Government, on the poor soldiers, on the suffering country! Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is our reproach just now. Let us be just. Is it too late to ask that a sense of national equity shall be restored?

The next step in a Christian soldier's outfit is peculiar—"your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace." Going out to fight, and bound to resist unto blood, you must have the preparation of the Gospel of peace. You must fight as a Christian; bravely

but not in anger ; you fight to uphold the right ; God commands you to be a good soldier, and to love your enemies ; to pray for them that persecute and would destroy you. We want this spirit now. If it is inconsistent with war, then war is wrong, because we know the Gospel is right, and the Gospel is good will to man. But it is right to make war in defence of government against rebels ; and the spirit of the Gospel must dwell in the heart and abound even in the midst of the fiercest contention. The best warriors have been Christian soldiers. They feared God and no one else.

They loved their enemies when justice required them to execute vengeance. We are told by some of our Christian teachers that this is no time to talk of peace ; but Christ does not tell us so. We must cherish those feelings towards our enemies that will lead us to welcome with joy the first gleams of hope that they will return to their allegiance, and submit to the benign and wholesome government against which they have rebelled. This is the spirit of the Gospel : to hate the sin and

pity the sinner. So God deals with us, and had he dealt with us on any other terms, we would have been to-day beyond the reach of mercy.

Above all, take the shield of FAITH ; faith in the righteousness of the cause you uphold, faith in the wisdom, patriotism and courage of your leaders, and, above all, faith in God. Our faith is severely tested and tried just now. Men in whom we trusted shake in the storm. Corruption betrays itself where we hoped virtue only was enthroned. Our arms are not always successful and clouds return after the rain. Darkness, thick, impenetrable darkness veils the future. Has God in anger hid his face from us ? Is the Lord on our side ? Will he give us to be devoured by the enemy ? FAITH answers, " Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God." Beyond the reverses of the battlefield, and beyond the dark clouds that hide the face of the sun, and over the mountains of danger and suffering, and the rivers of tears and blood, and the groans of the dying, and the sobs of mourners, and the di-

ters of these long dreadful years of war, FAITH points to the rock of our refuge, our hiding place, our salvation ; FAITH assures us that He who has been with us in six troubles will not forsake us ; and that we shall yet stand on the mountains of peace, union and love, one happy people, whose God is the Lord.

This we believe. For this we pray and for this we fight our battles. We want soldiers who understand what they are fighting for in this war which has grown to such gigantic dimensions. We have not a doubt what is to be the issue. The eye of faith can pierce the surrounding darkness and see the end to which God is conducting us.

We have reached out our hand, as a nation, to gather up the end in our fingers. But the end is not yet. God has higher purposes to answer than those which have been yet accomplished. He has prepared the men and the means of accomplishment. Men have been put to the trial and they stand. They will stand, be the cost and the sacrifices what they may.

The young Quartermaster was one of these.
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VI.

Means to an End.

How could my dearest brother walk
If I were not beside him?
He might be trying, but you know,
He needs a hand to guide him.

Kneel down, dear child, kneel humbly down,
Bow thy young head in meekness
To Him, who with a Father's heart,
Can pity all thy weakness.

Ask for his spirit in thy heart,
To help each weak endeavor,
Ask him 'mid snares and sins and fears,
To be thy strength forever.

THE Quartermaster was said by those who knew him to have a noble manhood. It is believed that he was never guilty of a mean action. A friend said, after he died, that he had a firm, strong character—a granite character. There is such a thing as strength forever, if we are strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

The whole armor of God includes the helmet of salvation. I wish to speak of this part of the armor for the benefit of our heroic soldiers, so as all the better to illustrate the character of the young Quartermaster, and the character of every one who is a true Christian soldier.

What power, beauty, glory, indeed, are in the words of the Holy Spirit. In this description of the whole armor of God, every phrase is significant, and brings out the idea with such celestial ring, that we recognize it as the very language of heaven. We have seen the Christian soldier standing with loins girt with TRUTH, having on the breastplate of RIGHTEOUSNESS, his feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of PEACE, and the shield of FAITH on his arm. Now he puts on the *helmet* of SALVATION.

This is protection in the day of battle. Helmets are often made of steel, so that the stoutest warrior's sword smite them in vain. But the soldier of Christ must put on a helmet that is itself SALVATION. Such helmets we need now, for we are soldiers exposed, and more or less responsible for the issue of the great strug-

gle in which we are engaged. Our heads need protection and help. Nations as well as individuals sometimes seem to be deranged, mad on their idols, insensible to the dictates of reason, prudence and interest, while they recklessly pursue the impulses of passion. We have been too much governed by impulse, too little by judgment, too little by the fear of God. Our sins have been our folly and destruction. It is easy for the Governor of the nations to send confusion into our councils, but what we want is unity, foresight, and a sound mind. We look over the field, and ask imploringly, *Who has the helmet of salvation?*

For we have learned, and not too late we hope, that SALVATION is only from God, and this helmet is his favor, which is life, and his loving-kindness, which is better than life. It is an old time saying, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man," because it is better to trust in the Lord than in generals or princes. God is a jealous God. Our people are not yet made to feel that salvation cometh out of Zion. The Lord putteth down one and setteth up another. He may

bring this war to an end in a way and by means that no human sagacity has yet anticipated. We shall be saved not by the multitude of armed men, but by the God of hosts, who will fight our battles for us. In the name of God we will set up our banners. If one general dies, and another is removed, and another retires, we will still say *JEHOVAH JIREH*: the Lord will provide. He is able to save us, and besides Him there is no Saviour.

There are thousands who regard such words as merely pious cant; but if religion is not all a sham, this is the true doctrine for the hour. If there is an Almighty God who governs nations, ruling in the affairs of men, mindful of a sparrow's fall and a country's ruin, if that God is true to his word, and promises and character, if he will protect the right and in the end put down the wrong, then in that God is our only hope of salvation.

We are approaching a period when a great change came in the religious experience of the young Quartermaster, and the means were well adapted to the end to be produced.

Soon after the return of the two brothers

from the West, they found for themselves places of business in New York, which they entered upon with much zeal. In the January following, the younger brother took a violent cold, which could never be relieved, and which resulted in inflammation and abscess of the lungs, followed with profuse hemorrhage. He lay for days at the very gates of death. In the kind providence of God he was spared for the time, and came up slowly to enjoy a comfortable degree of health for a period afterwards.

But a great effect was produced upon both brothers, and the solemn warning was heeded. Both seemed resolved to put on the whole armor of God. It was no momentary impulse. The younger now became dependent upon the older brother in many ways, and well did the older brother repay the confidence that was reposed in him.

They went into the same wholesale store over in New York, boarding at their father's house in Brooklyn. They were much together. The younger was always cheerful and happy, while he ever carried about with him a pale face, be-

tokening to many the frailty of which he himself was not fully conscious. There was a great advance in spirituality in the case of both brothers about this time, but especially in the case of the younger. This change had its influence upon the older brother. The effect was marked and decided, though probably he was unconscious of it.

Somewhat more than a year after the death of their mother, while they were absent at the West, and after their return home, came Harriette Foster, of Salem, Mass., into the family to take the place of the one whose loss was so great to them, and greater still to the little group of children which she left, by reason of their more tender age. This companion of the father, and this mother of the little children, whom she adopted as her own with all her heart, had much to do in forming, at this early day, the religious character of these older brothers. They were always happy in her society, and she it was who was mainly instrumental of leading their hearts and minds into those higher forms of spiritual and deeply religious faith, which ever characterized the last

portions of their short lives. It was a constant lesson that we all have something to do in this world, to alleviate its sorrows and to add to its joys. These older sons were more or less impressed with the conviction that this is a life of labor. Duties to God, our fellow-beings, our country and to the poor around us, who are now with us, and of us, and whom we cannot afford to be without, grew to be matters of daily thought and purpose. Life was to be earnest, and duties were ever at hand to be done quickly.

So we find Luther writing as follows : " There is a large field of work open before us—and for the Christian there is always work. For it has been said, 'The poor ye have always with you, but me ye have not always.'

" The Christian life is full of effort—full of trial and full of joy. Effort and trial are always turned into joy—if we live so near the Saviour that we can see his face. How few of us comprehend the Christian's perfect life. How few of us realize the joys of a life hid with Christ in God—of being led by the very hand of the Saviour. Yet this is the privilege of

every one of us by simple faith in Jesus Christ. Shall we attain it?"

He had evidently put on the helmet of salvation. He had come to be prepared to make sacrifices when the call should come to make them. They were lying in store for him, and we shall see how God, by his grace, fitted him to meet them.

VII.

The Main Weapon.

HE heard his country's call to battle;
He saw her banner wave;
He stood amid her loyal hosts,
The bravest of the brave.

On many a crimson battlefield
He met the traitor foe,
And well he taught his glittering sword
To lay its victim low.

DID the young Quartermaster take with him
the main weapon? Did he take the sword
of the Spirit, which is the Word of God?

Since the war broke out there has been a great demand for good swords. Long before Christ came into the world, the Damascus sword-blades were famous. They were distinguished for the toughness of their steel, taking an edge so keen as to sever instantly the heavy iron spears that were opposed to them, or to cut, as by a flash of fire, the most delicate gossamer fabric floating in the air and offering no

opposing weight to the blade. Such was the keenness of these celebrated weapons when the Holy Spirit, by the pen of Paul, pronounced the word of God to be sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow.

This is the sword the Christian soldier is charged to take. The Bible is the sword of the Spirit. The truth as it is in the Bible makes men free and good. This is the weapon for our war, and all war: the sword of the Spirit, *which is the Word of God*.

If all the Christians in our country had been armed with the Word of God, in their conscience as well as their hand, this war would never have been. The Word of God, if obeyed in its spirit or its letter, would have restrained the arm of rebellion, which struck at the heart of good government, and made war when the dictates of religious duty, of patriotism, of prudence and policy demanded only peace. All the circumstances that justify revolution were wanting when the South revolted, and all the facts that make rebellion sinful in the sight

of God existed in the highest sense and degree when the Synod of South Carolina promised the political government of that State the divine benediction if it would commit the highest crime a people can commit, to rebel. If that Synod had taken the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, it would have been compelled to say, "let every soul be subject to the higher powers," rather than to whelm a continent in the blood and fire of horrid war. The South would not have made the war if its Christians had been all armed with the sword of the Spirit.

And when we recall the fierce radical war of words which has raged in the North for thirty years, which has roused the rage and hate of the South, alienated the hearts of the people, clamored for disunion, denounced the Constitution, and made a rebellion not only possible but popular in the whole Southern field, we are compelled to admit that if we at the North had all taken the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God, we should now have a clear record in the sight of God and man. If we expect the divine favor in our great struggle, we

must not hide our own sin, but confess it openly unto salvation.

The great law of the Bible is the law of love. It will make all men free and good, just so fast and far as it is permitted to operate on the hearts and lives of men. It would have made this war impossible if it had had its perfect work, and it would now bring it to an honorable and happy close if it could reign in the hearts of all men North and South.

The doctrine of the Bible secures in the end universal liberty, while it maintains order, defends the happiness of society, and requires rulers and ruled, masters and servants, legislators and people, to bear and forbear, to love one another, to do as they would be done by, and so without war or violent revolution, or the infringements of any right whatever, to make such social changes and reforms as are essential to the highest interests and best welfare of every soul, however humble or obscure.

These are the victories of the Spirit. They are wrought by the power of the Word of God. They bring down our high thoughts and our vain

imaginations : but they are the ultimate truths on which alone human government and society itself must exist, or anarchy and license reign. The prevalence of this sentiment will make peace in all the earth, and good will among men, and until the doctrine of human rights as vindicated by the sword of the Spirit is acknowledged, there will be wars.

When Luther's maternal grandfather was drawing near the close of life, having a large family of children and grandchildren, he sent to New York and purchased from the American Bible Society a Bible for each and every one. When these Bibles were given away, the gift was accompanied with the request, in each case, that they should be read every day with earnest prayer that God would make them a blessing to the soul. This daily reading was to be kept up until the books were entirely worn out.

Luther received his Bible, as did others, and it is believed he observed the injunction with which it was given. When he went to the war he took with him the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

His first entrance upon military life was as Paymaster of the Twenty-Sixth New York, under the old *régime*, when the regiments were paid by the Paymasters commissioned by the Governor of the State. He had achieved a character for honesty, talent and promptness in business matters, and though he was a poor young man in this world's goods, he had no difficulty in procuring the required bonds, and with a letter from a well-known city merchant, whose praise is in the churches, as well as in boards of trade, he went to Albany, where he procured his commission, and proceeded at once to his regiment, then already at the seat of war.

When that system of payment was superseded he returned home, having been but a few weeks in service. Short as was the time he was with the regiment, he ingratiated himself into the favor of the officers and men, and brought away with him expressions of the approbation of all.

VIII.

The Power of Death-bed Scenes.

The outward eye with pleasure views the scene,
And memory's storehouse treasures every part ;
But mental visions ever come between,
And paint a fairer picture on the heart.

Speed on, ye lagging days, my heart's desire !
When joyous welcome I with joy may claim ;
And to my ears shall sound that pleasant choir,
When loved ones' voices speak a loved one's name.

And as my eager thoughts thus wander far,
To find one spot, dearest on earth to me :
From whence the home light glimmers like a star,
To guide my footsteps, where I fain would be.

A NEW blow awaited him. It was the death of his younger brother William, the only other son of his own blessed mother. To show the influence of this event upon him I must introduce the account which was published in one of the religious papers of the city soon after it transpired.

On Friday, April 4th, 1862, at ten minutes before two, P. M., William Perry Bing-

gham, a member of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, of this city, departed this life. He was twenty-two years and eight months old at the time of his death. He was hopefully converted when he was not yet twelve years old, and made a public profession of religion when he was about thirteen years old, in Brooklyn, and afterward removed his church relation to the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, with other members of the family.

He wrote out the form of a covenant with Jesus, after the manner of Doddridge, and after solemn prayer signed it. In this covenant he gave himself away, without condition or reserve, to Jesus, to be his for ever, to deny himself to all sin, and to be dead to it, and alive unto Christ, in all the ways of holy obedience. His life was one of constant activity in the service of his Divine Master. He did much, by personal conversation and an extensive correspondence, to lead others into the grace in which he stood. He seemed to be abundantly taught of the Spirit. He used what he learned of the way of faith in Jesus to great advantage, in conversing with impenitent sinners, in leading

them to apprehend Christ as the way, the truth, and the life.

He read with delight the Word of God, and made it his constant study.

He took, also, great pleasure in reading anything and everything on his favorite theme—full assurance of faith in Christ.

His views were remarkable for their clearness on this great doctrine, and he did not mix it up with other things. There was never a cloud nor a shadow between him and Jesus. He lived with him, and spread out all his wants before him in childlike confidence that all needed supplies would be granted. His will seemed to be completely swallowed up in the will of God. He was perfectly satisfied with what God bestowed and what he withheld.

One day his father said to him, "Suppose it were left to you to say whether you should lie upon this sick bed, or should rise from it and recover, what would you say?"

"I cannot suppose any such thing," he quickly responded; "I want God to do with me just as he pleases."

The closing scenes of his life were peculiarly

touching, as illustrating the power of Divine grace. He said to his father one day :

“ I wonder who will be the first to tell me when I am dying ? ”

His father inquired, “ Do you wish to be told when you are dying ? ”

“ Most certainly I do. I wish to know it. ”

“ Willie, do you feel sure that Christ will never leave nor forsake you ? ”

“ I know he never will. ”

“ What makes you say so ? ”

“ Why,” he answered, “ there is my covenant, which I entered into with him. He will never break it ; and will never let me break it. But I shall be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. ”

One day his father commenced repeating the 23d Psalm, “ The Lord is my shepherd,” and then he stopped and inquired :

“ Willie, is the Lord your shepherd ? ”

“ Most certainly he is,” he answered with a joyful and pleased expression of countenance.

When parting from any Christian friends, he would most commonly ask them to promise to meet him in heaven : and when they would an-

swer, "We *hope* we shall meet you in heaven," he would quickly respond.

"Do not say *hope*, say you *will*. Do you not *know* you will?"

When he was struck with death, he felt the blow, and sent for his father, saying, "Call father." When his father entered, he said, "Father, what is this?"

His father answered "This is death, Willie, you have but a little time to stay."

He looked up, with a smile playing all over his face, and exclaimed, "Oh! good!" After lying a moment, he said "Father, are you sure?"

The father answered, "There can be no doubt about it, Willie; you are really dying." Then he said, "Call the family."

The family came in one after another. His manner was affectingly tender and loving. He reached out his hand and grasped his father's, holding on to it for some time. His father said,

"Have you anything to say to father, Willie?"

"Yes, father, live near to Jesus."

“Where is Bridget?”—the domestic in the family, who had been very kind to him—“where is Bridget?” he repeated. She came to the side of the bed, and took the hand which he reached out to her.

“Bridget, I want you to be a Christian, and meet me in heaven.”

She answered, “I will try,” her voice drowned in sobs and tears.

“Bridget, I want you to understand what it is to be a Christian.”

Then lying a few moments, he said in tones of indescribable tenderness and affection:

“Bridget, father will tell you what it is to be a Christian. I cannot.”

He undoubtedly referred to his weakness of body.

His father said to him, “You will be in heaven in a little while, Willie.”

“Yes,” he answered, “I hope so,”

His sister said, “You will be glad to go, will you not!”

“Yes, indeed, I will,” he replied. “Your brother will soon be gone. But where is he going? Home, where there is no more pain nor suffer-

ing. And you will come too, pretty soon. Do not cry, dear ; I would like to talk more about dying, if it did not distress my friends so much. I want to go. Do you blame me ?”

His sister answered, “ No.” He said, “ You sometimes pray for me, sister.”

“ Yes,” she answered.

“ What do you pray for ?” She did not answer. He added :

“ You must pray for patience to wait God’s time.” She said :

“ I think you are patient.”

“ No, not thoroughly,” he replied.

After lying awhile, he roused again, and spoke in a strong, clear, natural voice.

Then he called for a member of the family who is not a Christian, and reached out his hand as if he expected it to be taken. “ Tell him to meet me in heaven.”

“ Any message for your mother lying ill in the second story ?” “ Tell her,” said he, “ that I loved her to the very last.” This was his dying message for one who was not his own mother, but to whom he was most tenderly attached as a mother.

He sent messages to various other individuals, and when he had finished all, after lying a few minutes, he said, "Good-bye," and in a little time he was gone, and a smile was on his face for hours.

The next day after this death, Luther wrote to a dear friend in regard to his brother's death as follows :

"This morning I got the letter I told you Willie seemed to be expecting. I have opened it and shall answer it. It is a very good note, but came just a little too late. I could not help wishing that he had seen it, but, perhaps, he knows its contents now.

"I went up in the parlor after breakfast, where he lay, and looked at him. His eyes have partly opened, but still he looks sweetly. I dropped upon one knee, rested my arms and head upon his body. Oh! M——, as my hand rested upon that cold, clayey tenement of earth, and I gazed upon those peaceful features, I thought of the spirit that had taken its flight and left its weary casement to crumble into dust—of the bright influence of his example while with us—of the Christian counsel which

he had given—of all the numerous ways in which he had done good unto others, and thereby was like the Great Master—and while I looked and thought, it seemed a pleasure to stay there. It seemed as if he was looking down upon me, and I could not help, beside that cold and lifeless form, to breath a prayer for you and me. I did so.

“I am writing in this room of his—this room that has seen so much of pain and suffering, grief and sorrow, and so much of joy and triumphant confiding hope and trust—this room that witnessed so much of prayer—so much of love to the Saviour, and so much of a Saviour’s love to him—and so much and *such* testimony for Jesus.

“But it is all over now. The pain and anguish, the prayers and testimony, are all over. Among the blood-washed throng, with those who have gone before, joy unspeakable and full of glory surrounds him. No more sighing. No more weary days and nights, but everlasting anthems and cloudless eternal day.

“Oh! my dear M——, may such a death be ours.”

Whoever follows the young Quartermaster from this time onward to the close of his own life, will see that this event was clothed with amazing power and exerted an influence upon him for good up to the very last hour.

IX.

A Light in the Window.

There's a light in the window for thee, brother,
There's a light in the window for thee;
A dear one has moved to the mansions above,
There's a light in the window for thee.
CHORUS—A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

There's a crown, and a robe and a palm, brother,
When from toil and from care you are free;
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee.

GOD often plants lights along our pathways.
He sometimes removes them, that by their
removal they may be a greater cause of illumi-
nation.

From the time that dear Willie died, we were
often in the habit of singing this beautiful
Sabbath-School hymn, at our evening family
worship. We had a little band of singers
who could carry all the parts of such a hymn,

and who could enter into the sentiments expressed. Luther had a strong, fine natural voice, and he would join in this singing with great animation. He was particularly fond of this hymn as especially adapted to his own case.

He regarded dear Willie's life—faith, patience, self abnegation, and love of the happiness and welfare of others as lights—to illuminate his pathway. We cannot tell how much influence this had in strengthening the exercise of those principles which governed his after conduct. His was not an accidental character, being what it was because it could not be worse. But the grace of God made it what it was, through the means which his own holy providence appointed. The Quartermaster had all the elements in his nature to contend against that any other young man has. He was by nature no better than others. And he always felt that he owed everything to the good favor of a Heavenly Benefactor. Under other influences, we cannot now tell what he would have been—but we know that he needed just such influences as those which were brought to bear upon him, to make him what he was.

He saw life in new aspects, as one after another of his tried and trusted sources of enjoyment were taken away. And when the pilgrimage of the dear, meekly suffering child, next to him in age, was ended, he seemed to think less of life than ever—nothing of life as an end—much of life as a means to an infinitely higher end. Life was clothed with a sublime importance as contributing to the welfare of the life to come.

The young Quartermaster took no sombre view of human life. His religion did not make him melancholy or misanthropic. No! Not at all. Never a young man had more to enjoy than he, and he was always full of enjoyment. His highest happiness was to see others around him happy.

I remember once expressing sad and sorrowful feelings, that such a beautiful light had gone out of our family when his dear brother died. I felt the loss deeply.

“Oh! father!” said Luther, “you should not feel that Willie’s death is any loss. We should rejoice, not mourn. His death was such a joy to him that we should not be sorrowful about

it. Besides, his death will be a power upon us, greater than the power of his wonderful faith while living. I am alone now, and I shall miss Willie, for we have always roomed together till near the last. But I am glad there is no more pain, no more panting for breath! I am glad he is now in possession of all he so longed for. I do not feel that dear Willie is gone. I think his happy spirit may be hovering near. And it may be that he may be allowed to minister to us as effectually as before. How do we know? At any rate he has left a light for me. And I intend to find my way by it."

The influence which Willie had exerted was a sweet, blessed influence. It was not the influence of the pale, sick, suffering boy, but it was the influence of the happy, joyful, self-denying and advanced Christian.

Often have men looked around, surprised, in a prayer-meeting, and gazed at the pale face of the one who was speaking of such rich experiences of a Saviour's love, in such blessed assurance that all his hopes in Christ Jesus would be soon realized.

Luther knew that his brother William's re-

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A DWELLING IN HEAVEN I SEE,
AND A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW FOR ME."

ligion was not a sham, was not put on, was not a *delusion* or hallucination, was not mysticism, was not impression or fanaticism. It was Willie's privilege to have an experience which no human philosophy could explain, and which was above all philosophy. He sought earnestly to have the same experience, with what success we shall see.

Oh ! watch and be faithful and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea ;
Though afflictions assail you, and storms be severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.

Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free—
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS—A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

X.

No Sprinkling Priest.

Great God! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
No outward rites can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
No running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

Jesus, my God! thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone,
Thy blood can make me white as snow—
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

I TOOK up from my table at which I am writing, Luther M. Bingham's book of psalms and hymns, and opening to the words above, I was reminded of what I have often heard him say—calling the Christian life a conflict with evil—within and without—believing in no cure

but by the grace of God through Jesus Christ.

While he held most firmly to all the great doctrines of Protestant Christianity, as revealed in the Bible, he placed no reliance upon mere forms or professions of religion. Names, and creeds, and confessions of religious faith, had little weight with him. He had great respect to *religion*, where it appeared in the life and conduct, and very little regard to the outward profession of it. No sprinkling priest could reach the malady in him. He wanted nothing to do with shadows of religious faith. He sought after the substance.

He loved that kind of preaching which makes men dissatisfied with what they are, and makes them desire to become what they ought to be. He loved to see Christians make thorough work of performing religious duty. Not that he had no preferences where to have his religious home. He had, and he firmly adhered to it. For example, when all the family were about to remove their relation from the Presbyterian Church to the Reformed Dutch Church, on account of the father's connection with that church,

he preferred to remain where he was, because his duties were more intimately connected with that church.

His affection for the Christian men in his regiment illustrates this marked trait in his character—his love for the poorest of the flock of the Good Shepherd. All who knew him in the South knew how his heart beat in sympathy with these men—*these men*—not so much because they had been slaves—down-trodden and outcast—much as his noble nature disdained oppression—but **THESE MEN**, because he felt in his inmost soul that they bore the image of Christ. He loved them, imperfect as they might be; and those who knew him best at the North have not a shadow of doubt that the Great Master has said to him; as he will say to all who do like him: Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.

He could not be easily imposed upon. Solemn sounds upon thoughtless tongues had no weight with him.

He writes: "I have been out at camp in the open air for more than an hour this evening, sing-

ing 'Marching Along' with two companies of the men, some of them being very anxious to learn the tune and the words; and they learn them quite readily.

"In each company they were having a prayer-meeting, and I heard some real earnest prayers—childlike and simple, but, I have no doubt, reaching the ear of God just as readily as prayers that are better expressed."

Again he writes: "This evening I have attended a little prayer-meeting, held and conducted by the colored men themselves, in a tent which was put up by our Chaplain to be used as a school-house for the men of the regiment. The Chaplain invited them to hold a meeting there and in their own way. It was delightful to be present. Such simple, implicit faith in Jesus, such earnest-hearted appeals to God—they put to shame my poor, weak faith. I felt that I have not yet learned to pray.

"I wish that I could picture this meeting so that you could see it as it was. But I cannot do it. One of them in prayer addressed God in nearly this language:

"Dear Captain,—you know where I was a

year ago, and you know what you promised me then. Here, to-night, I bind you to your promise, I hold you to your word.'

"In closing, the leader said, 'You see these candles here; the Lord expects us to hold His candles in this camp, and make it a religious camp.'

"Such was the earnest and simple language of these down-trodden men. It is needless to say I enjoyed all very much. It was like an April shower to my dry and thirsty soul. I feel that the day has not passed in vain, but that I have received some good from it. I thank God for it."

This illustrates the susceptibility of the young Quartermaster's heart and mind, and their readiness to receive impressions from the simple exhibition of religious faith by these dusky men. And those who know how strong were his emotions could apprehend that he felt much more than he has attempted to express.

XI.

Into the Army a Second Time.

HIS first experience in the army ended when his office as Regimental Paymaster ceased, after a few weeks' service.

After his return from Newbern, N. C., where he spent several months in the employ of a New York mercantile house, his instant inquiry was into what regiment he should enlist. I endeavored to persuade him that perhaps it was not his duty to go—that great numbers were going, and there were no special reasons why he should enlist at present. I shall never forget the look he gave me. "Father, I am ashamed to walk these streets when I know I ought to go. It is *my duty*, and I *must* go." All objections vanished.

When he bade us good-bye, and kissed all at parting, and passed down the steps of the

house, I felt that he never would come up those steps again.

He had some conflicts about where to enlist. At length he enlisted as a private in the 23d N. Y. N. G., and soon was transferred to the 1st Regiment S. C. V., and proceeded at once to Port Royal.

Soon after he wrote as follows: "The Colonel and others make a great deal of sport of me for being orthodox, and almost *scoff* me for reading the *New York Observer*. They were going on with their sarcasm at the dinner table the other day, when I got up to go and see to my teams. While I was out the Colonel said, *that if reading the New York Observer made such a good quartermaster, they had better subscribe for it for another six months.* I had told him that I had only taken it for about six months; and that during that time, I had not seen anything *very* strongly pro-slavery in it. He dislikes the paper very much, and everything orthodox full as much. Most of the field and staff being Unitarians, you can imagine that I have to breast quite a current, to stand up for my side of the question. The Colonel does

not give slight cuts, by any means, and especially when I take any prominent part, like starting a Sunday-school at Jacksonville. I had to take it then. I could be quiet and say and do nothing for Christ, and all would go well. But *that*, the grace of God helping me, *I will not do.*"

These extracts illustrate his determination to let his principles shine, be the consequences what they might.

"Now that I am here, I shall try and do my duty and leave the consequences with God. And will you not pray for me, that I may have wisdom, courage and faith given me from above, that I may not *shun* danger when it is my duty to *face* it, or compromise my own manhood, or the religion which I profess, for the sake of saving my life. I may yet be placed in great danger, and subjected to severe tests. I need your prayers.

"I will try and keep my opinions to myself when it will do no good to speak them. But I never mean to hold any principles that I am ashamed of, or am afraid to express, when the occasion calls for it."

Speaking of the yellow fever and General Mitchell's death, he says :

“I have not felt any alarm on account of myself. I feel that I am in God's hands, and whatever is his will in regard to me, I ought to be willing to abide by.”

And he was willing. He never hesitated a moment at anything which he thought was the will of God.

XII.

Sabbath-School--Patriotism--Usefulness.

Go, gather them in from the tenement house,
And the merchant's stately palace—
From the world's dark strife, and the heavenly life,
Let them drink from the golden chalice.

'Tis the Master's work ! there is none so low
But his loving hand may reach them,
And there's none so sunken in want and wo
But we'll joy to help and teach them.

THE young Quartermaster loved his country
—loved to be useful—and cared for the
welfare of others. He writes :

“ I love to feel that I, *even I*, may be of some
use in this great world ; and that I may be the
means in the Saviour's hand of making some
happier by my having lived. I would love to
be the means of doing some good to the poor,
and to those whose pathway in life is dark and
dreary. I would throw a ray of light upon that
path and make it brighter, so that when I am

laid away beneath the sod, some may drop a tear upon my grave and say, 'he was my friend.' "

He called the Mission Sabbath-school his Sabbath home, and for the last five years was connected with one.

In writing to one he dearly loved, he said :

"I always pray for you. I want to see you an earnest Christian woman. I know you are a Christian, but vital Christianity is progressive, and, day by day, we ought to grow better. I would not have you a noisy, bustling Christian, working in the vineyard of Christ only for the praises of men. I desire you to have that piety that worketh by love and casteth out fear—that earnest, quiet piety that is always ready to do good to others—if it is only to give a cup of cold water in the name and for the sake of Christ—that piety which day by day *does something* to make this world better and brighter—that takes some one by the hand, and not only to point, but *lead* to the Cross of Christ. Such I want to be as a man.

"How can we be such? Follow the example of Christ the great Teacher. Make his words,

his life, his character, a *study*. Ask for the right spirit. For we have the promise which is sure, 'Ask and ye shall receive.'

"Oh! let us clasp hands together, in life, ever keeping our eyes upon the 'delectable mountains.' Let life's earnest, noble work be ours. Then, be it longer or shorter, we shall meet on Canaan's happy shore.

"With divine help, I shall do nothing I would be unwilling to tell you of if it were necessary. I do not want to come home corrupted. Pray for me that I may be kept. I do not feel that this is to cost me my life, yet it may. When I shall come home I do not know. But it will be just when God sees best. I want to do what shall be most for his honor and glory. Yet how far I fail of doing what I might!

"We ought to live at all times so that we shall be prepared for death, and look forward to it with a bright hope and with cheerful hearts. *But do not let us die* before our Heavenly Father *sends for us*. And above all, let not death be a gloomy subject of contemplation to us. I am almost daily in the presence of death—liable at any moment to be

cut off—perhaps this very night I may be killed by a shell from the enemy's guns. Yet I do not feel gloomy about it. I know if I am called to go, that through the infinite love of the Saviour, it is all right with me. And if it be my Father's will to take me—well and good—I am ready to go. I want you to be prepared for death at any moment. But let it not weigh on your mind to make you sad and gloomy. It is all bright beyond, and flowers there shall ever bloom.

“I heartily wish this war was over ; and yet with all that I wish, I would not have it end until we can have a permanent and just peace.”

Just before landing at Jacksonville, Florida, he wrote :

“I know not what may happen to me in a few short hours. I shall try and do my duty. I do hope I shall not be a coward. I know not that I shall ever see you again. Such may be the case—that I may never—though I do not expect it, for I feel that I am to go home to spend a happy, useful life.”

He writes from Jacksonville, Florida :

“After dinner, the Assistant Surgeon and

myself inspected the churches—found some very pretty ones. I did not see why we could not have a Sunday-school, as there are from three hundred to five hundred people here, and quite a quantity of children. I met a bright-eyed little girl and asked her if she went to Sunday-school. She said they had one in the Catholic church. I told her that we should have one in the Presbyterian church, and I wanted her to tell every one she knew. A woman, hearing the conversation, asked if I would take boys too. I told her yes, boys and girls. So you see I may have a Sunday-school here before long.”

XIII.

Trials—Alone—Yet not Alone.

THE young Quartermaster was eminently a man of prayer. We know from his own testimony that this duty was never neglected. He knew that in his religious views he shared not in the sympathy of his fellow officers. It was no doubt a hard thing for him to stand up for a faith which they nearly all denied. He was but a mere boy compared with most of them. They were men of education and talent and scholarly attainments, and he had them not. His faith in Jesus was very unpopular, perhaps, and a different faith prevailed. Yet he goes bravely forward in his. Little things will betray the spirit of the young man. He writes :

“A day of rest. Shall I tell you how this day has passed with me? This morning there was no service of any kind, and I spent

most of the time in reading and singing some of our old familiar hymns. This afternoon I read a part of that little book, entitled 'It is I.' We also had religious service by our Chaplain. I led the singing. I was very much interested in the apparent earnestness with which most of the men seemed to enter into the spirit of the remarks, which were made to them; and they would manifest this interest in various ways—such as nodding the head, or some exclamation, that would show what they felt.

"There was no word of Christ in it, or what he has done that we might be saved, in the sermon.

"Oh! what is religion good for, that has in it no Saviour for just such lost creatures as we are. My faith, my hope, is fixed on Christ.

Christ, of all my hope the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joys;
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.'

"Oh! Let us cherish the love of Christ in our hearts 'for he first loved us.'"

Many a young man has made shipwreck of

his faith—placed in such circumstances—and made shipwreck of himself. God was carrying him through trials to a crown of glory that fadeth not away. He was to fight the good fight of faith that he might lay hold on eternal life.

Writing from Jacksonville, he says :

“The quiet stillness of a New England Sabbath broods over this little place to-night. It has been my second Sabbath here, and I have enjoyed it very much.

“This morning, Rev. Mr. French, as Chaplain of General Saxton’s staff, preached for the Connecticut 6th, a very plain, practical and good sermon. It cut every way, right and left. The house was full. Some of our colored soldiers were there. The organ was tuned up. They had a good choir, and everything went off nicely

“Then to-day we have started our Sabbath-school. We found the keys to the Presbyterian Church, opened it and saw at once that it was just what was wanted. Had a notice read at the morning service. There was some half dozen teachers from the 6th Connecticut ready.

One of them went out and picked up his class. Opened the school with singing and prayer. While I was reading part of a chapter, the Colonel sent for me, saying, that the steamer Gen. Meigs was in, and he wanted me at the wharf immediately. So I had to excuse myself and go. I think that after a while we shall have a good school here. The steamer brought part of the 8th Maine. My next duty was to find quarters and assign them to the regiment. So I had the saddle put on "Beauty" and worked for two hours, giving them teams, and getting them in quarters. Quite a jump from the Sunday-school to the saddle.

"Do not worry about me. I shall be taken care of. Only think of me, and pray for me, that I may be a true man and a true Christian. Oh! I do want to be a true and good man, but how sadly I fail. Pray for me that I may be true to duty, and always ready—that I may never fear to face danger when it is my duty to face it. I have never yet been under fire. I do not want to prove a coward, and yet I am afraid I shall. I shall go into it, realizing all the importance and danger of my

position ; and I shall trust in strength other than my own. I shall do my duty. That is all I ask. I do not believe in that kind of loud bravery, that can laugh and joke and swear on the verge of death and the grave—with no comprehension of the importance of the position. It is simple brute force and foolhardiness : and the man is generally a coward that does it. But when a man can fully appreciate all the danger and importance of his position, and can then face danger and do his duty, I call *him* a *brave man*."

His mind seemed to be ever inquiring into what way he could do any good, and how his life could be a benefit to others. He was no coward, no poltroon, no laggart, always behind time, no drone in the busy hive, no shirk, shrinking from responsibility.

XIV.

Heavenly Consolations.

We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from the vision the gates of day ;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea.
Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore
They watch and beckon and wait for me.

WE know but little of those holy ministries which wait on us, to aid us under trial, to help our infirmities, to give us strength when we are weak, and to give us courage when we are ready to faint. Such ministries there are, no doubt, though we know little of them. We, perhaps, should know more, if we looked more for them. Enough is taught us in the Bible to banish our doubts and to keep us from wavering.

I believe the young Quartermaster was often held up by unseen hands, and cheered by voices which no mortal lips uttered. I cannot tell

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how they came or whence, nor how they moved him with a power unseen. I have no philosophy on the subject. I cannot reason upon it. When I attempt it, I am lost. I cannot proceed. When he was written to, asking to know what he thought upon it, he replied, "You ask me what I think in regard to the remark that our friends, when removed by death, watch over us from their home on high. I do not know how far they may be allowed intercourse with us here, or how much they are allowed to influence us. But this I do believe, that they do know something of us, and are brought somewhat in contact with us." 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?' I have felt Willie's influence around me very often; or, perhaps, not so much his influence as his presence hovering round me. You know I told you of this fact in that storm off Hatteras, on board the Julius Webb. Even while I write I seem to feel his presence near me. It seems as if he was watching and waiting to welcome me. I expect to meet him first on that other shore, unless you should go before me. I do not suppose the

knowledge of our wickedness and sin affects them in that world in any way ; if, indeed, they are permitted to know anything in regard to it. For it is impossible for a shade of sorrow to enter heaven. To me it is a beautiful thought to think they watch and wait for us. It makes life more beautiful, and brings heaven very near. It is like my going home. I stay here in this war for a time ; and while here enjoy it. But I am continually looking forward to the time when I shall go home and meet those who are near and dear, who are gathered there. So with life ; we stay here for a time, and while here, enjoy all that the provident hand of a Bountiful Father has provided for the good of his children. But yet we are still looking forward with joy to that time when we shall go to our heavenly home to meet Jesus and the dear ones gone before,—those who have passed to the further side, pressing towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”

In the storm off Hatteras to which he refers, in an awful gale, when it was expected by all on board that they must perish, Luther always

insisted that he saw his brother Willie hovering near him in the tempest. He saw him, not as he supposed, with his bodily eyes, yet the vision was as distinct as if it had been with his bodily eyes.

I have talked with those who were with him in that terrific tempest, and they have spoken of his perfect calmness, when death seemed inevitable. When the gale had somewhat subsided, he asked the Captain if they might have prayers in the cabin. Consent was readily given. He called for a Bible, and called all on board to prayer, and all that could joined him in the cabin. His prayer was spoken of as beautiful and impressive, and remarkable for one of his years.

XV.

Sisterly Attentions.

I HAVE said that though no sister was nigh the young Quartermaster, in his sickness, he did not fail to have sisterly attentions. These were bestowed, perhaps, by more than one, but by one, in an especial manner. He one day found at the house of the General Superintendent of Contrabands, a young lady who had come out from Vermont a few months before his sickness, a young lady who was the daughter of a cousin of his father, who, of course, was a cousin of his own. She was a cultivated, educated young lady, and was residing in the family of her uncle, engaged as a teacher of colored children.

In his letters home he often expressed great satisfaction that he had found a relative in the distant South, and spoke of often seeing her and of the comfort her society was to him.

To get the thread of the history of his sick-

ness I addressed her a letter after she had returned on a visit to her Green Mountain home, and requested her to write to me and give me an account of his sickness and of his coming to the house of her uncle. I wanted to know how he had been from day to day. She sent me the following touching reply to my letter, in which she answers my several inquiries.

VERGENNES, VT., *August 8th, 1833.*

DEAR COUSIN,—Since the reception of your letter I have been so occupied with company and various other things, that a favorable opportunity for writing you has not presented itself until now. In how great a measure I can comply with your request in regard to Luther, I do not know, but I will try and tell you all I can. You are aware that he was too sick, from the very first, to talk ; and it was the request of the attending physicians that he should be kept as quiet as possible, therefore, I rarely ever asked him any questions except in regard to his personal comfort.

I will begin with the afternoon when he first came to me, and tell you the little details as

far as I can, but there will be but little conversation.

When he came down Tuesday afternoon, July 14th, he did not seem very ill; at least, we, none of us, felt any alarm. He complained only of great weakness in his arms, at that time was unable to open the door; also, he seemed to have a *general* feeling of weakness and debility. He had made his arrangements to return to camp that evening, but I felt unwilling to have him, and at length prevailed upon him to spend the night, and sent up to camp for March to come and assist him. We chatted of various things; just now I do not recall the conversation, it being very general and commonplace.

March came down and L. retired at about 8 o'clock. I directed March to spend the night where L. might call him if needed, and told him where to find me if L. wished anything. I sat by him until twelve, as he had no inclination to sleep. Wednesday morning he persisted in having on a portion of his dress, but lay on the bed, and I could see that he was weaker, and he complained of inability to swal-

low. I wrote a note to Dr. Rogers asking for medical advice. He immediately complied with my request and sent for Dr. Hayden. They came together. What they said to him I do not know, as I left the room. Dr. R. had previously sent me word to put a strong mustard paste on the back of his neck, which I did. After they left him, Dr. R. requested that they might speak privately with me. They told me he was very sick, but they, neither of them, felt the case hopeless, by any means. Dr. Hayden left *oil* and *wine* for him to take soon. After they left I attempted to give it to him, but it nearly strangled him, and none of it passed down his throat. That morning the expectoration commenced. Before noon I dispatched March with a note to Dr. H., telling him I could not give the medicine, and asking him to come around again directly. He soon came and I told him my desire that a hospital nurse might be procured, as I feared I might not do everything that should be done. He told me I was doing better than any other person could do for him, and I need not feel any apprehension in regard to my ability. He went out and called

in another physician, and I knew he must be worse. They remained with him, working over him for as much as three hours. He seemed to be sinking very rapidly, and for a time all feared he would pass away very soon. The doctors, Hayden and Hamlin, remained until about two. He was then stronger and they were obliged to leave.

When I came in to sit with him he said, "Well, pet, you've got back again; they kept you away from me a great while. This is a queer sort of a funeral, isn't it?" This vague remark was all the indication he gave of seeming to consider himself in any danger that day. The doctors requested me not to allow him to feel discouraged at all. He seemed tired and restless, and, by advice, I began bathing his head with ice-water, which, you know, we continued to the last. This soothed him, and he sank into a quiet sleep. In about fifteen minutes some one entered the room and roused him. He looked up at me with a pleasant smile, and said, "I had a nice sleep then." After that he dozed a good deal till about six, when the doctors came again. Mr. Judd, who

had been up to Folly Island, also came in then, and assured him of a hearty welcome to a place in his house. After tea, March gave him a sponge-bath of mustard-water, and he then remained quiet through the evening. At a late hour I left him with Mr. Bellamy and March, who had instructions for the night. At about six in the morning I went in; found he had not slept much. He welcomed me with a bright look, and when I asked him how he felt, "Oh! pretty well, I guess," he replied. When the doctors came they felt quite encouraged, and I asked if it would not be well to have him taken below. They seemed to like the idea, and I sent March to camp for his own bed. His Sergeant came down with the men, and we had it placed in the parlor. Several came in, and he was brought down without much trouble, though it wearied him some. Through the day he remained quiet, and we all took courage. About nine in the evening I went out on the piazza, near his room, to take the air a few moments. Very soon London (Lieut. West and London took care of him that night) called me. I went in, and Luther said, "Well, Ammie, I am *going*, I

think." Of course I was greatly shocked, as he had seemed better all day. I immediately wished to send for the physicians, but Luther *begged* me not to do so. "They cannot help me, and I wish to be quiet." So I did not send, only for Dr. Rogers, whom L. expressed a wish to see. We all stood near him. I sat by his head, watching his face closely, fanning him, and counting his pulse. Mr. Judd and Mr. Bellamy were both present. He said to me, "Pray, Ammie, that I may go easily." I think he feared strangulation. I asked him "if it was all well?" "All bright! all bright!" Then closing his eyes he lay panting for breath. Dr. R. came, but nothing could be done, as he could not swallow. "It's *beautiful to die!*" he said to me; "oh, how beautiful it is on the other side! I see Willie there. Oh, Willie, you must wait; I can't come yet!" Then looking at me he said, "I am not going yet; I think I shall get over this." He continued to rally, and his pulse came up to its usual course. At twelve, by Dr. Rogers' request, I went to my room. He left at one. At two I went down, and found him quite comfortable. I

sat up an hour, when he insisted on my going back to my room. I did so, but got up again at five, and took my place beside him. When the doctors came I asked if he could be helped. Dr. Rogers told me plainly, we could only hope to make him comfortable—nothing more. After I was left with him alone again my feelings got the control of me, and I wept as I looked at his pleasant face and thought of the great sorrow awaiting us all. He noticed it, and asked me to lay my face close to his on the pillow, and let the tears come; I would feel relieved. I did so, and after a time he spoke, with a bright smile: “Perhaps I shall recover yet; if not, it won’t be long before we shall *all* be together in heaven.” I said, “Poor Minnie, Luther,—what will she do?” He replied, “She will follow me soon.” Through that day he remained just about the same, very low and weak.

Mr. Harris was in that morning, and prayed and talked with him. He expressed the most perfect trust that it would all be *right* in any case, and he was willing to leave it with God. He lay, much of the time, and looked at me,

with such a deep, earnest expression, full of affection, but as if *heaven* were in his *soul* even then. Once that day (Friday) I saw a most beautiful smile—it had so much of heaven and so little of earth in it—I never shall forget it!—playing over his face. I asked of its cause, when he replied, with the same sweet look, “I have been praying that I might recover, *if it be God’s will*, and the reply comes to me, as distinctly as if you spoke, ‘*only believe, only believe!*’” I felt then *heaven* was not far from him, and *we* could claim him not much longer. Late in the evening I left him with Adj. Dewhurst and the colored men. He did not rest much—but little sleep. Saturday morning I knew he felt, himself, he would not probably recover. That day he told me of his business, which I transferred to you, and also gave me his message to M., and requested that she might have his watch, gave me his cap, etc.; then he seemed to have no farther care. That evening Mr. Harris came in, and kindly relieved me in the care of him. I sat up until twelve, as we expected Dr. Minor by the Arago, and L. wished me to see him if he came. Mr. Harris staid until one,

then left, as we gave up Dr. M's coming. In the morning Sergeant told me you had arrived. Luther did not know of it, and told me of his great desire to go home on the Arago, and wished me to urge it to the doctors. I did so, and they thought it might be possible. After you came—you know the rest.

I fear I have not done this justice, but it is all I can do, and hope it may afford you some satisfaction.

That I loved Luther very much I do not need to tell you; *every one* did. I am intending to write to Minnie. Poor girl! I am so sorry for her in her great grief, as I am for *all* of you. I often think of and sympathize with you in your loneliness.

Please rest assured it was a great satisfaction to me that I was permitted to minister to dear Luther in his last illness. The scenes of that sick and dying bed, so triumphantly glorious, I shall never forget. May we all have *his* firm faith and trust, and may our lives close as brightly as his. Love to all.

Ever affectionately yours,

AMMIE.

XVI.

Closing Scenes—Death.

Lift up anew thy standard high,
Ever be this thy battle cry,
 “ For Christ to live and die.”
Press to the foremost of the fight;
Be sure that in thy Leader's might
 Thou shalt have victory.

Then, when the life-long strife is o'er,
Thou shalt have rest for evermore
 Within thy Father's home ;
Shalt join with all the blood-bought throng
To sing Christ's love, the eternal song,
 Before the great white throne.

AT an early hour on Sabbath morning, July 19th, 1863, I called on the accomplished Surgeon of the First South Carolina Regiment, at his quarters, and requested him to accompany me to the bedside of my son. He complied at once, and we went to the parlor in which he lay. He requested me to tarry without till he could break the news to him that I had come,

and manifested the desire that he should be agitated as little as possible.

It was but a moment before the Surgeon was at the door, and beckoned me to come in. I entered, and was in an instant by my son. His first words were :

“Father, I am all right, all right. It is all bright on the other side.”

These words he uttered with an indescribably gladsome smile upon his face. He knew I would know how comprehensive those words were, and how much they meant. I doubt not they had reference, in his own mind, to a letter he had written to me a few days before—*the last to me*—in which he says :

“I shall certainly not feel restive because you express concern about me. On the contrary, I thank you for it. I know that men in the army are likely to fall, and there is great wickedness abounding there. Yet to one whose trust is alone in Christ, it seems to me he will not fall. I feel that I have little to do with *keeping myself*. I have given myself wholly and fully to Christ ; and, when I did that, Christ took me and *saved* me from *that*

hour. He has promised to do so. Is his promise worth anything? Is it sure? If so, I am *certainly* saved. I have nothing to do with saving myself. Christ works out my salvation. And there are no 'ifs' and no 'ands' about it. All I have to do is to place my hand in Christ's hand and follow where he leads and marks the way. I know that from a lack of Christian privileges a Christian life may become cold and ineffective, but I have no fear of being lost. I *know* that my Redeemer liveth and that my salvation is *sure*! Is this presumption on my part? No! Because the author of it all and the end of it all is *Christ*. And, then, is there no answer to prayer? Think you I am not followed day by day with the prayers of the home circle? I know that I am—that, morning and evening, my name is mentioned as you kneel around the family altar. And there are other prayers that reach the throne of grace, warm from the heart of one whose love for me burthens them with earnestness—one whose influence over me is only for good. Can I fall, thus surrounded and encircled by prayer, and, more than all, held up by

the never-failing love of Jesus, whose promise is that he will never leave nor forsake me ?

“Do not feel worried in regard to me. If I fall, as I may, either by bullet or disease, do not mourn for me. Feel that I have done my duty, and that you have given me a sacrifice for the country, and from henceforward you own an interest in her. I shall have only gone before. Give my love to all the family, and feel assured that you have the interest and the love of

LUTHER.”

No mortal can tell how cheering this letter was. Here was a son in the army, teaching a father—a minister of religion—what it is to simply trust in Jesus Christ by faith. This letter, just received, must have been full in his mind when he looked up with such a glad smile and said, “Father, I am all right, all right, it is all bright on the other side.”

I found my dear son sun-struck from the base of the brain downward, so that he could not move either hand or foot, yet his brain was untouched. His regiment had been ordered up the South Edisto River to create a diversion of the enemy's forces. They got within thirty

miles of Charleston. He had to stand in the hot sun and superintend the disembarking of troops and stores, and then of embarking again, until he was fatally smitten, to rise from the effects of it no more. He was never left without the best of attendants to be with him. Five surgeons, all men of great skill and experience, did all they could to save him, but though some hope was expressed through Sabbath the 19th, yet when night came, I could see that all hope vanished and his case was regarded as mortal, to be speedily terminated.

It only remains for me to give a brief summary of his exercises during the twenty-four hours I was permitted to be with him. He suffered no pain whatever, but wanted to be frequently turned. He was perfectly conscious and could converse, though he could not swallow a drop—could not command the muscles used in swallowing. Yet he was cheerful, and observant of all that was passing. He was as patient and uncomplaining as a lamb, though naturally exceedingly active and energetic. He was often seen smiling with a peculiarly joyous smiling face when he was looking at no one,

and was only busy with his own thoughts. Evidently his heart was full of joy. It was very pleasant to be with him. He had two favorite men of the regiment with him—"March" and "London"—noble specimens of their race. March said to me when I first saw him: "When Quartermaster dies and goes to heaven, March wants to die too, and go to heaven for *sure*; don't want to live when Quartermaster is gone."

My son said to me one time through the day, "Father, Jesus and Glory and Heaven are true. Last night I thought I was in the river, and brother Willie was here to lead me over, and I expected to go every moment. But I was told I would not go, I must wait a little longer. It was hard to come back, I assure you; I wanted to go, oh, so much! I longed to be with Jesus. I am going straight to his arms."

He expressed great affection for the colored men around him, speaking to them with great tenderness of manner. At one time I said to him: "Luther, how about these colored men?"

"Oh! father they are my staff. I never knew how to pray till I heard them pray, so

simple, so childlike, so trusting. Father, these negroes know how to trust Jesus; Jesus is everything to them."

Those who knew the Quartermaster believe that he did know how to pray; that he was a man of prayer; that he had conscious and sensible access to the throne of the heavenly grace. But he meant to give me to understand that he had learned much about prayer from these dusky men.

Several regiments and parts of regiments were quartered in and around Beaufort; and the beating of the drums could be heard where the sufferer lay. Amid all the clamor, he knew the drum-beats of his own regiment. At one time, while he was lying quietly, he suddenly roused up and said joyously, and with evident gratification at the hearing of the drum corps, "There, father, there go the boys! Go quick and you can see them."

I walked out rapidly in the direction of the sound and found the First South Carolina Regiment marching past the lower part of the town, toward their camp, at a distance still farther below.

When I returned he inquired eagerly if I saw them. I told him I did. "Fine looking men, are they not, father?" said he, his face all a glow of satisfaction that I had seen the men. I had had my first glimpse of them. Alas! the Quartermaster who had become so completely identified with them, was to behold their faces no more.

On other occasions through the day he expressed great interest and affection for these men, almost all of whom had lately come out of bondage. But most of all was he interested in their religious experiences and character. He spoke of their songs of praise to Jesus—of their prayer-meetings—and of the happiness he had enjoyed among these rude, uncultivated men. He expressed the desire that I would go down to the camp and see them. He wanted that I should go into his tent and see how comfortable it was.

"Father," said he, "I have had some glorious times in that tent, when there was no one there but me and Jesus. The foot of the ladder was there and the top reached into heaven, and heavenly messengers have gone up and down

on it. Oh! it has been my sweet place of prayer—precious—precious place of prayer.”

At one time I asked him if he was sorry, or ever had been, that he had gone into the army.

“Oh! no, father,” he answered with deep emotion. “Never! never have I been sorry. I have enjoyed my duty, and have tried hard to do it, and be faithful to my country, to my officers and men, and, above all, to God. The men love me, I believe—the officers love me. I believe I have been treated with great confidence and kindness. I have had some hard times. Every one must expect them. I am glad I came. I have given myself up to my country, and if I were home now I should do it right over again.”

He lay a few minutes, looking at me with unutterable tenderness, and then said,

“Are you sorry, father?” After a moment of hesitation I answered, “No.” He seemed to think my answer was not cordial enough, and added: “Oh! no, you should not be sorry, father.”

“Yes; but you know I influenced you to come into this department.”

He caught up my meaning in a moment, and saw that I felt that I had been instrumental in bringing him to his present extremity.

“Oh! father,” said he, “this is all ordered of the Lord. It is God’s will and that’s enough. We must all die—and I am happy to die here. Only do not leave my body here. Take me home and bury me beside mother and Willie. I have made all the arrangements for this before you came. Cousin Ammie will tell you.” She did tell me. He had provided for the fulfillment of all his wishes to the minutest particular.

The Adjutant of the regiment sat up with me through the last night of his life. But little was said, except what related to his relief and comfort. He rested well during the first part of the night.

Toward morning I perceived that his heart was beating loudly and rapidly. He noticed it himself, and said: “Father I shall not stay long, I wish you would call Cousin Ammie.”

I called her and she was in the room in a moment. When he saw her coming to his bedside, his face was covered with smiles, and with

an inexpressible joy he said, "Come here. Cousin Ammie, and bid me good-bye," as if he was going on a most delightful journey. She bent low down and he kissed her. "This," said he, pausing, "is good-bye for Minnie," one dearer to him than life, his chosen companion for life's journey. "Tell her good-bye for me,"—and kissing her again, "This is good-bye for you, cousin," and then after a little pause he kissed me. "Good-bye, father," said he, very cheerfully. I asked him, "Have you any message for your brothers and sisters?" "Yes! tell them to keep straight ahead." They are all professors of religion. "Any message for your mother," said I. "She is all right," said he. After a little pause—"Any for Minnie?" "Yes," he answered, "I have committed that to Cousin Ammie." This was done before I came. The message was, "Tell Minnie her earthly hopes have been bright. She must move them now to heaven. They will be brighter there. Tell her she will meet me soon. Kiss her, and bid her good-bye."

I inquired if all was well with him? He said "Yes." I asked if he were in any pain?

He said "None." The bright sun of early morning was now shining. He lay still for some time, and seemed in a state of repose, though his eyes were wide open. He asked me at length to keep bathing his head with ice water. I asked "Why?" He answered, "I want my senses up to the last minute."

"Are you afraid you shall lose them?" I asked. He said, "No, but I feel my head a little cloudy."

He lay still some time. Then looking at me inquiringly, he said: "Did I not die last night?"

"No!" I answered; "you are dying now."

"Where have I been?"

"On the expedition with your regiment."

"Where am I now?"

"In Mr. Judd's house," I said; and then he seemed to comprehend all and gather all up into his mind. I said to him, "Are you afraid Luther?" "Oh, no!" he answered; "I want to go." He lay with his eye fastened intently upon me for many minutes. To see if he could speak and was conscious, I said, "Are you in pain?" He shook his head. "Is all well with you,

Luther?" He nodded ; and in a few moments more he fell asleep. *Blessed sleep.* There was no gasping — no shudder. It was ceasing to breathe, and not a single struggle for breath. Gone to be

"Forever with the Lord."

My heart is full of assurance that he lives in heaven, and his beautiful Christian character lives on earth. It will always live. He died at 6 A. M., our time, on the 20th July. His age was 26 years and 10 months.

XVII.

Alone with the Dead.

In dotted camps, or squadrons massed,
Wide, wide are spread our warlike powers.
Proud sight! But yet another vast,
Though now unmarshaled, host is ours.
No ruin-bearing overthrow,
No pestilential airs they dread;
Nor weary siege nor furious foe
May daunt the Army of the Dead.

Then think not lightly of the price
That for loved Freedom's life they gave;
Shrine of a mighty sacrifice
Has been the humblest soldier's grave.
Think, too, what pining hearts must wait
Till hope and life at once are sped,
Who, in an unrecorded fate,
Follow the Army of the Dead.

But Freedom's Martyrs, oh! how meet
It were for each thus pledged to die
To mingle Faith's assurance sweet
With Patriotism's promptings high!
Then, marshaled by the Prince of Peace,
Up from the wreck of slaughter led,
To where Man's strifes and suff'rings cease,
Shall march the Army of the Dead!

I WAS alone with the dead. The young Quartermaster, I think, had not expected to depart so soon, until he felt and heard the rapid and loud beating of his heart. He seemed to know then that exhausted nature had done all she could, and was making her last effort to support life for a few minutes, or at most a short hour. He had gazed into my face for a full half hour before the last breath, and never turning his eye away but once, when he looked out of the window at the orange and fig trees which stood before it, and through the branches of which he saw that the sun, just risen, was shining. Then, after a look around, his eyes came back to mine, and he lay with unspeakable love, tenderness, and satisfaction beaming on his joyous face. A heavenly radiance seemed to settle down upon his countenance, and his face denoted the highest happiness.

I am sure he had not expected to go so soon. After I entered the parlor with the Surgeon on Sabbath morning, his young lady cousin came into the room, and he introduced me to her with as much ease and grace as if he had been well, speaking in the most affectionate and ani-

mated manner. He wished her to sit close beside him. While the sweetest smiles were playing over his face, he said to me, "Father, she is a good girl—a dear good girl. She has been so kind to me. I do not know what I would have done without her. And she loves Jesus too."

The young lady, I saw, was deeply moved with these allusions to her, and could hardly restrain her tears ; while he continued—"perhaps, father, I may go home in the *Arago*." This ship was lying at Hilton Head, preparing to sail for New York. "*Perhaps* I shall," he added, slowly speaking. "Perhaps I *may* go and breathe some of that pure Green Mountain air, and Cousin Ammie will go with me."

This he seemed to say, partly as a hope he had come to cherish from what the surgeons had said, and partly to comfort his weeping cousin. However this may be, it is certain that the encouragement of the surgeons had not been lost upon him. He was, as he supposed, really better, and some of them thought it was possible for him to go home, though his own Surgeon of his regiment gave no such infi-

mation, or held out the least inducement thus to hope. He told me privately just what I might apprehend—said his case was peculiar—was not laid down in the books—and he had never witnessed anything like it. But he assured me it was a fatal case, and the event would prove that from the very first it had been beyond the reach of human aid.

I had not thought that death was so near. On the previous evening I could not resist the desire to go to a prayer-meeting, held in a church only a little distance away, because I knew that two weeks before—just on the sailing of the expedition—he had attended a prayer-meeting in the same place. I took but a few minutes to be away from him. Yet while there I heard his case and himself alluded to in the most affecting manner. One speaker referred to the last words he had ever heard from the Quartermaster of the First South Carolina. He had heard him within those walls when three hundred or four hundred men were present, and he said that he never should forget the earnestness with which he exhorted all to put their trust in Jesus as a

Saviour, and commit the whole matter of salvation into his hands—to do it at once and to do it always.

Another referred to him in prayer—thanking God for the bright example he had set, and asking that his life might still be spared.

When I returned, he asked me where I had been. I told him, and then said, “I perhaps ought not to have left you, and I will not leave you again.” He expressed his satisfaction that I had been to the prayer-meeting, and when I told him that I would not leave him again, little did I think that he was so soon to leave me.

All the day before, he appeared so cheerful—so happy, so contented with his lot—I think that we all were misled. I knew that some of the surgeons had not given up all hope, though his own Surgeon did. I knew that an old experienced Surgeon of the Regular Army, who had been called in, had failed to give the encouragement that some of the surgeons looked for and expected. And when they appealed to him to know if he had not a favorable word, I noticed that he shook his head and was silent.

All this! I knew that death was stealing on, but I looked not for him so soon.

The surgeons had specially desired that he might be kept quiet; else I might have had much more conversation with him, which I desired, but from which I refrained. Much was said which cannot be recorded, just as interesting as that which goes on record. I had no thought then, and not for long afterward, that I should wish to preserve in this form anything that he said.

But now his voice was forever hushed. That voice which was always so cheery, and which had so often animated hundreds, would 'be heard no more. I was alone with the dead. Cousin Ammie, exhausted with much watching and attention, had gone into a side parlor and had thrown herself down upon a sofa and was fast asleep, having been completely overcome by excitement and fatigue.

I thought I was alone. The Adjutant lay on a lounge in the room, also lost in sleep, for he had been much over the sufferer from the beginning. I was not quite alone—yet alone. I was alone in much that I felt.

No tongue can tell or pen describe the joy I felt in view of the wonderful grace that had supported my son's unwavering faith in God through Jesus Christ to the last moment. I felt unspeakable happiness in my soul and gratitude all unutterable for what God had done for my dear eldest-born son. My heart was full of praise. There lay my boy just as he had died ; the same sweet expression upon his face, emblem of the happiness in which he soared away to unending glory.

XVIII.

Why was this Waste?

“What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking? Comes the wish'd-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand
If the bright morning dawns upon the land.”

“I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong,
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune.

“He sings of brotherhood and joy and peace,
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall cease, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfettered as its God designed.”

“Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it:—tell us, yet again,
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?”

“It breaks—it comes—the misty shadows fly:—
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear,
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near.”

AS I sat by that pale sleeper in death, my
heart full of praise to God for this instance
of the Gospel's saving power, the sense of my

great loss came with the anthem that was singing in my heart. I asked myself, why is this waste of the best of human life? Here lay the dead, within a stone's throw of the stately and once proud mansion, in an upper chamber of which this accursed and wicked rebellion against governments human and divine, was planned. For the time being I was lodged in the very house in which this treason was hatched. And while I sat there I heard the booming of the guns before Charleston. Here lay all that was mortal of my dear boy, whose life had been lost in the cause of human liberty. He had gone on an expedition towards Charleston, to create a diversion in favor of our armies, before the doomed city—the hotbed of the most stupendous iniquity the earth ever saw. His regiment had got within thirty miles of the spot where those monster guns were being fired, whose report I now heard coming up on the morning air.

It was this same Charleston, to which Judge Hoar, in company with his accomplished daughter, went, more than thirty years ago, as a Commissioner of the State of Massachusetts,

to try before a United States Court the Constitutionality of the law of South Carolina, by which she imprisoned free colored citizens of Massachusetts, employed in the merchant marine, for daring, having on a black skin, to run into her harbors.

It was from this same Charleston, from which this high Commissioner of a sovereign State was obliged to flee for his life—got off in a carriage, with his daughter, in the greatest haste, and with the utmost privacy—because his life was not safe if he remained another day.

It was this same Charleston, where the first guns were fired that inaugurated the war—the capital of a State the first to commit the overt act of treason, and to lead off in that gigantic conspiracy that had for its object to subvert and overturn the best Government that God had ever given to man.

The Quartermaster had perished that men might have *freedom to be free*; for there had been no freedom in this land. He had been attended by men, both white and black, who, in aiding the Government, had struck many a blow for human liberty.

The Quartermaster was one of the millions who were and are animated by the feeling of simple, unmixed and honest devotion to the Union and the Constitution. He was one in common with those who had been taught, in every way possible, to love and cherish their wise and good Government. So strong was the attachment of these men to it, while they did not wish slavery for themselves, and could not approve of it anywhere, still they steadily resisted the attempts made by a few to interfere with the institution, where it existed by State authority. The great masses of the North were for letting the institution alone, to die of itself, when the Southern Confederacy concocted a scheme of Government, having slavery for its chief cornerstone. Teachers of religion professed to find this infernal scheme of iniquity in the Bible, and became the advocates of oppression. Men had declared the foundation and object of the rebellion to be to set up a government, having slavery for an eternal foundation, and these men understood their declarations and undertakings. A vast slave empire was to be established, which

was to eclipse all other governments, and bring all others humbly crouching at its feet. It was to be the king of kingdoms.

My dear son had lost his life because he had acted from a noble principle of patriotism, which led him to say :

“Father, I am ashamed to be seen walking these streets. I *ought* to go to the war, and I *must* go.”

And when he looked on the men, whom he had assisted to make free, in the operations of this Government to cripple the rebellion, and to overwhelm its power, I rejoiced that I had a son to give to the Government to help to strike off the shackles of the slave everywhere, as long as the men, holding their fellow men in bondage, would lift their arms to pull down the Government under which we live.

I did not wonder that the young Quartermaster loved the officers and men of the 1st South Carolina. I knew he loved them—not with that love which grows out of sympathy alone, but he loved them for their devotion to a cause, which he loved above all others that be-

longed to the things of earth—the cause of his country.

The news flew quickly in the morning that the Quartermaster was dead, and many of his regiment came to look upon his face once more.

London followed me out upon the piazza, and said :

“Master, I expected to see you cry, but you no cry. I be very glad that you no cry. Quartermaster be very sorry if you cry; because he has gone to heaven. If anybody ever goes there, Quartermaster’s gone there for sure.”

XIX.

The Funeral.

We wrapped the flag around his form—
The flag for which he died ;
We placed his sword, all stained with blood,
In silence by his side.
We spake no word, we shed no tear ;
But, in the waning light,
Each raised a silent prayer to heaven
For victory in the right.

Oh ! who shall say that earnest prayer
Was offered up in vain,
Or say 'twas chance that ruled the day,
And marked the loss or gain,
There is a God above us all,
Whose heart is moved by prayer,
And when we plead the rightful cause
Will make that cause his care.

Strike, then, for Liberty and Peace !
Avenge the noble dead !
Strike ! for the tears in silence wept
For every fallen head.
Strike ! that rebellion now may cease ;
And you who stand aloof,
Come, in your country's hour of need,
And give your loyal proof.

AT a seasonable hour, on the morning after the death of the young Quartermaster, I became acquainted with the fact that a standing military order would prevent my taking his remains home. The Surgeon of the Regiment sent me one hundred dollars to aid me in doing so, if I found it practicable. The Major of the Regiment went to Hilton Head, to ascertain if there was any possible way in which the desire of the deceased could be carried out. He returned with the information that nothing could be done. The order was imperative. I returned the money with many thanks.

The Adjutant informed me that if I acquiesced, the military authorities would bury him with military honors. Of course I could make no objection. He was their Quartermaster, and they were expected to make their own arrangements. The funeral was appointed to be held the next day, at 8 A. M., from the house in which the corpse lay, and the burial was to be in the church-yard of the Episcopal Church. At an early hour of the morning of the 21st of July, we heard the solemn sound of the muffled drums, and we knew that the Regiment

of the First South Carolina were out in force, to attend the funeral of their late Quartermaster. They were approaching the town from their encampment. They were soon upon the ground. His funeral was attended by all the officers and men of the regiment who were able to be on duty. The exercises were conducted by the Chaplain of the post, who referred in very affecting terms to the address which the Quartermaster made a few nights before, in a prayer-meeting of 400 or 500 soldiers, held in the church near at hand, in the yard of which we lowered him into his grave. He said he should never forget that address. Some who heard it had fallen on Morris Island, and some lay wounded in the hospitals near by us, and some will never forget his dying words, to trust in Jesus—commit their all to Jesus—do it at once, and do it always. The Chaplain spoke of the need of preparation for any event which might come to the soldier in the chances of war. He spoke of the value of Christian character to assist in the performance of the duties of the soldier. He alluded to the large circles of Sabbath-

school children, who would feel the loss of the officer, whose remains they were about to bury out of sight. He spoke with tender interest of the circles of home and acquaintances at the North, whose hearts would be full of desolation when they should hear the sad tidings of the Quartermaster's sudden death. He assured the men of the Regiment, that the life which they had lost out of their ranks was a precious life to some far away, who would deeply mourn its loss.

He exhorted all to cherish the memory of the departed, and imitate his virtues, by the faithful discharge of all their duties.

At the conclusion of his remarks, he said there was a mourner present, who, perhaps, would be pleased to say a word to the Regiment. It was the father of the Quartermaster.

Thus alluded to, the father said that many words from him would not befit the occasion. He could not refrain, however, from thanking officers and men of the First South Carolina, for all the kindness, consideration, and assistance which they had rendered to his beloved son. Though many of them were of a differ-

ent religious faith, they had respected the faith of him whose mortal remains were now to be buried in the grave. He remembered, he said, that his son had exhorted him in a late letter home, to regard his fall, if fall he must, as his contribution to the cause of human liberty. I accept this dispensation, said the father, of the providence of God, in which I have been deprived of my son in that light. This is my contribution to a cause dearer to us all than life—a cause in which are involved, not only the liberty of one race, but of all races—not of one country—but of every country on the face of the globe.

Then came the three volleys over his grave by one part of the regiment, and slowly we departed. That regiment is a regiment of mourners.

Tears were falling all around while the acting post Chaplain was proceeding in the religious services. Every face bore the marks of sorrow.

This young Quartermaster lived a short life, and when this idea, as we were walking to the grave in the procession, was expressed, a

chaplain said : " No, Brother Bingham, his life of one year in South Carolina has been longer than if he had lived forty years at the North. Think of the impressions he has made on all the officers of his regiment and other regiments—on all these colored men. There is not a black man, woman or child, in all the South, that has not a special interest in the life that he has lived, and the influence which he has exerted. Look around you on all these colored women and children who are hurrying to see where the Quartermaster is to be buried. Look at all this crowd of people. This is no mock military pageant. This is real sorrow for the loss we have sustained. What an honor God has put upon you, Brother Bingham, that he has given you such a son, and that he gave himself to such a cause. You should be glad, and rejoice in the midst of sorrow."

XX.

Was he a Christian Soldier?

Thou who hast named Christ's holy name,
Within whose bosom glows the flame
Of sacred, heavenly love,
Now gird thy *Christian armor* on,
And 'neath the *banner* of God's Son,
Thy earnest zeal approve.

First, righteousness thy *breastplate* make,
The *helmet* of salvation take,
And in thy feeble hand
The *sword* of God's good Spirit keen,
That weapon which hath ever been
Strength to his warring band.

The *shield* of faith before thee bear,
The Gospel *sandals* thou must wear
To bruise the serpent's head ;
The briers and thorns that in thy way
Will still be springing day by day,
Beneath thy feet to tread.

Thus fully armed, go boldly forth,
Trusting alone in Christ's great worth ;
Own him thy all in all ;
Assured, if thou thy part perform,
Fighting, though fainting and forlorn,
Thy fiercest foe shall fall.

Though subtle is thy foe, and strong
To lure thee with his syren song,
Or with temptation sore
Depress thy spirit, rouse thy fears;
Oh still, with penitential tears,
Aid from above implore.

TO make the evidence cumulative that the Quartermaster was a true Christian soldier, having on all the Gospel armor, I must allow him to speak from his letters. They were written without the slightest idea that they would ever be spread before the public in any form whatever. But I cannot but think that if he could have known the good they may accomplish, he would not have objected. It was one of the traits of his character to have a very poor opinion of himself. This came not by nature, but by grace—the grace of God. Certain it is that he was divinely illuminated and instructed. These lowly, humble views of himself were not natural to him. This longing to do good to others was the work of the Holy Spirit. All his heart went out after others. He made little provision for himself.

He speaks of a visit to St. Helena Island :

“I enjoyed my visit to St. Helena Island very

much. I found a Sabbath-school of three hundred to five hundred scholars. I gave the books sent by the teachers. You ought to have seen their eyes brighten as I told them they would have books to carry home. And to encourage them to come to their Sabbath-school, I told them a Sabbath-school story. Their singing was good. They sang 'Marching Along' and several other pieces that we sing in our school, and then some of their own peculiar hymns, such as, 'Roll, Jordan, Roll!' 'Ring that Charming Bell!' 'We've got some Valiant Soldiers here to help us bear the Cross!'

"Some of these are beautiful. In the evening Mr. Wells gathered the people in one of his rooms and had a prayer-meeting. I was asked to speak. But I would have preferred to be silent and learn. Oh! you should be in one of these prayer-meetings, if you would hear heartfelt, earnest words, going up from these sorrow-stricken hearts. I sometimes feel that I do not know how to pray, when I hear these despised ones pray.

"After this prayer-meeting they had a shout; and I tell you they entered into it with a will.

I enjoyed it. One of the most peculiar performances I ever saw, lasting an hour."

Again he writes :

"I believe it is every man's solemn duty to give to all kinds or to such kinds of benevolence as are most pressing and urgent, just in proportion as God hath prospered him. We get nothing ourselves only as God gives it to us. And we have no right to be close and stingy with his bounties. We are but stewards, and all we have is his. I always expect, and hope always to be able, to give something ; and the more God places in my hand, the more good I hope to be able to do. We shall not only be doing good, but we shall be receiving the same. We shall be happy ourselves, and we shall make others happy around us. I do not believe in an indiscriminate and wasteful benevolence. But I do believe in the proper and careful distribution of a portion of the means with which God does or shall bless us."

The Quartermaster was scrupulously exact in all his estimates of what was really his own, to use for benevolent purposes, and even upon all his own hard-earnings he admitted the

claims of those who had demands against him. But he thought he ought to give something to Him whose claims were above all.

He writes to a young lady :

“Dr Rogers came into my tent a little while this afternoon. I showed him your *carte visite*. He said, ‘A splendid face—not for beauty, but goodness, expressed therein.’

“Then he said, ‘Do you know that I am very much pleased to see how splendidly you are getting along in this war? How you hold your integrity. The army is a terribly wicked place in vulgarity and profanity. It is partly, owing to your religion.’

“The Colonel came into my tent one day and asked me if I had a good constitution. I told him I had. He asked me how long I supposed it would last at the rate I was using it up. The Colonel made the remark that he thought I had a very hard position.

“I have almost wished I could be wounded. I do not wish to be crippled or maimed for life, but I should esteem it a great honor to carry the scars that should be the badges of my great love for my country.”

There were two controlling influences that made the young Quartermaster faithful and laborious even beyond his strength—love to God and love to his country. He loved the men around him most who loved the service of God and their country best. He could not brook a mercenary spirit.

His season of family worship he thus describes :

“I finished my day’s work about nine P. M., and since then have been singing for family worship. There are seven of us now in the family. We sang, ‘My Days are Gliding Swiftly!’ ‘In the Christian’s Home in Glory.’ ‘Jesus, Lover of My Soul,’ etc. Oh ! how these hymns carried my thoughts right homeward. I could not help but think of home ; and I thought, too, of our Mission School, and remembered how well they sing those pieces. I have thought a great many times to-day of the Mission School. I wonder who will speak for you to-morrow. I can go over the happy faces gathered there, and seem to see every one. I wonder if they will think of me to-morrow. I hope you will have an interesting time. You

cannot think how good these singing seasons of ours are to us who are away from home. They seem in a measure to bring home right to us. I believe I think a great deal of home and friends."

He always called his father's house his home.

We see the habit of his mind, and the bent of his feelings in what follows. "I have been out at camp for nearly an hour-and-a-half, singing 'Marching Along,' 'Rest for the Weary,' and 'Though the Days are Dark with Trouble,' with the men in one of the companies. Then I told them about 'Kingdom Coming,' and sang two or three verses of it. They were greatly pleased, and said they must learn it. After I got through singing, Captain Metcalf wanted that I should go up to his tent. After I got there, he insisted on my singing 'Kingdom Coming,' which I did, and also several pieces from the 'Golden Chain.'

"I then got to talking about our Mission School, its scholars and its scenes. It interested them a good deal, and me too, for my thoughts, the while, were in Brooklyn. I would love to be in Brooklyn this Christmas eve. But the

fortunes of war have placed many miles between me and my home, and the friends near and dear.

"I read the General's Proclamation to my men to-day. They were greatly pleased, and used such expressions as these : ' O ! joy ! joy ! Bless the Lord for dat ! ' said one old man who lived on this plantation. I told them they had got to do a good deal of work during the week. ' Oh work ! we'll work,' was the reply."

He writes again in the old vein :

" God grant that our lives may be spared for a season, and that when we are called to die, others, in looking back upon our spent lives, shall find them, like the roses, fragrant with kindly acts, and cheering words to brighten the pathway of earth's sorrowing ones, who are waiting only for the angel, that they may join us on that other shore ; and in that brighter world, where the rosebuds of humanity, which here were only rosebuds and partly blossomed, shall there fully bloom in the sunshine of His smiles, who doeth all things well."

" The life of a Christian is a progressive life. We cannot jump into a perfect life at one

leap. If we could, there would be nothing to attain unto. We must go on, step by step, in this journey. It is a life work ; and not until life's close shall we have reached our journey's end. Then do not be discouraged if you see one older in the Christian life, who has made higher attainments than you. But with your eye ever on the goal—

‘ Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.’

You will be a better and better Christian as you advance in the journey of life.”

Sometimes I have said, “ Poor boy,” as I have read his letters. Then “ Thank God,” after events proved that no one ever had firmer friends than he in the officers of his Regiment. He was conscious of it himself, and well and right valiantly did he win his way to their confidence and esteem, by his uprightness, promptness, faithfulness, and patience in the performance of his duties ; and the sequel will prove that, perhaps, no Quartermaster ever gained a more enviable place in the respect and affection of staff and line in a Regiment than did he. He

won his way, not by compromising between his conscience and interest ; not by buying a good position by selling his testimony for the truth ; but by vindicating and commending himself to the regard of superiors and equals, by his unswerving adherence to what he thought was right.

XXI.

Was his Life Wasted?

A hero heart is still,
And eyes are sealed, and loving lips are mute,
Which bore on earth the Spirit's golden fruit.
But peace—it was God's will.

And for our precious land,
The land he loved and died for in her need,
The blood of heroes is the country's seed ;
As he stood may we stand.

The Lord of hosts doth reign
He crowned your soldier, "dying at his guns,"
Oh, be the nation worthy of her sons,
The noble-hearted slain.

SOME say a man who dies at twenty-six dies young. A young man who goes away from a loved circle, where his life is comparatively safe, to the scenes of carnage and strife, where his life hangs upon a thread, seems to take upon himself a great responsibility.

Yet a man who dies at twenty-six may not die young. He may have lived a long life, if

we judge of the length of life by the deeds which fill it up. A young man who leaves a loved home-circle, not knowing what the end may be, *may not* be said to throw his life away. It may be that he does not take upon himself a great responsibility. To take the opposite course might be to take a great responsibility.

“There is a Providence which shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

There were those who stood at the grave of Luther M. Bingham, Quartermaster of the First Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, saying that he had lived a short life. They thought twenty-six years and ten months was a brief space to live. There were those who were not at the grave when we lowered him into it, who said, when they heard of it, that his young life had been thrown away and wasted.

There were those who stood at that grave when we let down the coffin, who said, Lieut. Luther M. Bingham has lived a long life, a much longer life than he could have lived if he had never come into the army. And though his mortal remains might lie mouldering in the grave,

he was not dead. His earnest and beautiful Christian life would live, and his influence be felt still more than when alive. They said that there was not a man, woman or child in all the sunny South that would not be found, in the events which are to come, to have an interest in the life and death of this humble Quartermaster of the first colored regiment which had ever been attempted to be raised on Southern ground. That earnest life—that devoted Christian life—that irreproachable life—that life of full assurance of faith in Jesus Christ—assurance of salvation now, and salvation forever—was to have its influence in helping the faith of thousands of others, and moulding the life of multitudes who might have never known of his life but by his death. And so, though dead, he is to live and be a power in many hearts to lead them into the same glorious life. Not only one regiment in our vast army corps, but every regiment of every army corps, may feel the power of that life which was laid down among the dusky men he loved so well, and for whose freedom he periled his precious life.

There were a thousand hearts that beat re-

sponsive to his own, when he spoke of his unshaken confidence in a precious Saviour's love, and there will be ten thousand and ten times ten thousand hearts that will beat responsive to his own, it may be, throughout the country, as they read in these pages the story of his life and death.

There were those who said, What a pity that he should waste his life upon a few negroes. Was his life wasted upon a few negroes? No!—such a life is never wasted, no matter among whom it is spent, and for whom it is laid down. The poet has well said—

“Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather!
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh or tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night; but in some happier clime
Bid me good-morning.”

It is to minister to the higher forms of spiritual life that induces to this imperfect sketch of an imperfect and yet successful life.

We laid him away in the beautiful church-

yard at Beaufort, and did not bring him home according to his request, because there was a military order against removal North at that season. His final resting-place will be where he desired.

But we did not bury the bright example which he had set, of devoted attachment to his officers and men—his ardent love of country—his high patriotism—his self-sacrificing spirit—his constant self-renunciation and self-denial. *These we did not bury.* THEY LIVE.

XXII.

Tributes and Testimonies.

THE editor of a religious paper made the following prefatory remarks, before introducing his readers to the letter of the commanding officer, which follows below.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT BINGHAM.

Among the many noble young Christian patriots who have fallen in the service of their country, was Lieutenant Bingham, of the 1st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. His fidelity in service, and his triumphs in death, have been described in the columns of several papers, only to elicit desire to know more of his bright and brief career.

We are glad to be able to lay before our readers a letter from Colonel T. W. Higginson, Colonel-commanding, which was sent unsolicited to the father of the young martyr to his country's cause. It is a noble letter, and they who love to cherish the memory of departed

worth will read it to admire the character portrayed, and to prize more highly than they have done those great principles of liberty for the support of which so many have fallen in sacrifice :

HQ. HEADQUARTERS 1ST S. C. V.,
CAMP SHAW, BEAUFORT, S. C., NOV. 11, 1863. }

DEAR SIR :—I have strongly desired to write out for you, in some detail, my personal impressions of your son ; but my incessant avocations and recent physical weakness have postponed it from day to day, and now it is almost time for the mail to close.

The relations between a commander of a regiment and the Quartermaster are very intimate, especially when the regiment is first forming ; the Quartermaster and Adjutant, indeed, are the Colonel's right and left hand, and if they are weak or incapable, everything goes wrong. I shall always count it one of my great blessings that, on taking command of this regiment, I found in that important post such a man as your son.

There was such a fresh, hearty, vigorous manhood about him, such an absolute rectitude,

so firm a moral purpose, with such a freedom from cant, such a love of hard work, and such a love of justice, that I soon found myself leaning on him as upon a granite pillar.

He neglected no duty, shrank from no undertaking, had no favorites and no jealousies, and saved me numberless perplexities by the manly straightforwardness of his course. When the regiment was first formed, it is safe to say that two-thirds of the officials in the department were more or less opposed to it; and it was, of course, very essential that the Quartermaster, upon whom the most vexatious duties came, should be at once resolute and conciliatory. He combined both attributes; and, while some of our officers, more suspicious and irritable, would often chafe under real or imagined indignities, I remember his once saying to me that, in all his official experience, he had never received an insult, and never been made to feel that he belonged to any but a white regiment. My own experience was the same, and I have quoted this remark of his a hundred times, in proof of what I thoroughly believe, that a courteous and straightforward demeanor

will, nine times out of ten, secure civil treatment anywhere.

I remember another remark of his, which illustrates his modes of dealing. Talking of some requisitions which we had found it hard to get filled, I said, half in joke, "Well, I suppose you asked for twice what we really needed, in order to make sure of *that*." "Not a bit," said he; "that is not my way. My rule always is, to ask for precisely what we have a right to—no less, no more; and, sooner or later, I find we always get it." And so we did.

He had a fine *physique* and hearty animal spirits, and could work, himself, and make others work, on a formidable scale. When we embarked for the expedition up the St. John's river, carrying with us large extra munitions of war, he was on the wharf, without resting, nearly twenty-four hours, amid piles of baggage that seemed to me perfectly insurmountable; and his head was just as clear and his voice as cheery at the end as at the beginning.

All the pleasantest and most exciting scenes of our military life are associated with him. He enjoyed adventure, and would always, had

his duties permitted, have been in the front of danger. But I think my most enduring recollections of him will be associated with our last interviews, on our way from the South Edisto expedition, last July. I had been wounded, and was obliged at last to go to the cabin, and lie down ; and I never shall forget how tenderly he led me to a berth, helped me into it, brought me water, bathed my forehead. Then he went and came for me—since the steamer was still running down the river, between the fire of batteries, giving and receiving shots—and brought me constant reports of all that transpired, till I compared him to Rebecca the Jewess, keeping watch over the battle for the wounded Ivanhoe, in Scott's story of that name.

The next morning it was thought best to stop the crowded boat ere reaching Beaufort, and send on shore for burial the remains of some soldiers who had been killed. The Chaplain was not with us, and it seemed a matter of course to request Lieutenant Bingham, not only to make all other arrangements, but to perform the services. He accepted the trust without

hesitation, and, as I heard, made the services impressive to all. .

This seemed very natural to the soldiers, since they knew his strong religious convictions, and were also accustomed to his leading the Sunday singing. His fine voice and love of sacred music made him very popular with the men, and he liked to go and join their songs around the camp-fires. I remember persuading him to teach them the fine song of "Marching Along," which had somehow never reached them, but which was soon thoroughly naturalized in the regiment.

I have never doubted that to that Edisto expedition he owed the brief and singular illness which caused his death. It was a day of terrific heat. I remember how the steamboat deck seemed to blister my feet when I stood upon it. And all through the heat of that day he remained at Wiltown Bluff, superintending the taking on board some two hundred colored people, with their great bundles holding all their worldly goods, together with a quantity of cotton, and such other articles as might be serviceable in war; for it was a rule of our

expeditions to take nothing else. I think it was this labor, superadded on previous fatigues, which broke him down. The loss is ours ; but the voices of that great multitude rescued on that day from slavery to freedom would speak his praise if they knew his name and fate. "Forasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my little ones, ye did it unto me."

I never saw him again, for the effects of my injury made it impossible to go to him during his brief illness ; nor did it, indeed, seem possible that it should terminate fatally. I did not fully know, till he had gone, how thoroughly I honored and trusted him. Trained in a form of faith quite alien from mine, he exhibited a type of manhood of which any form of faith might be proud. I believe I never yet stooped to the moral cowardice of praising a man merely because he had died ; and in this case it is pleasant to remember that I was equally ready to praise him while living.

If it is any merit to have been connected with a regiment upon whose career, for six months at least, hung the destinies of the colored race upon this continent, that merit be-

longs, in the very highest degree, to your son ; for his services to it were of incalculable value.

I am, my dear sir,

Yours very respectfully,

T. W. HIGGINSON,

Colonel-Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST REGIMENT, S. C. V., }
BEAUFORT, S. C., August 8, 1863. }

DEAR SIR :—Sickness has for two weeks prevented my writing ; but I mailed a copy of our *Free South*, in which you will observe reported the action of the officers present, after Lieutenant Bingham's departure. Every one was desirous to testify to his worth in the strongest terms ; but a fear that consistency might some time call upon us to speak where there was nothing to say, induced the adoption of resolutions more brief and general.

No officer, except perhaps the Colonel, had a greater influence with the men ; none held the esteem of the officers more universally. We are in the midst of changes, rapid and serious. We count on sickness and death ; to see

a man for a little, and then losing sight of him, to forget ; but friend Bingham is not forgotten. Each day brings the renewal of our regret that he is not here, to share our labors, hardships and joys. I never see a neat little child about the camp that I am not reminded how on the third Sabbath we were at Jacksonville he had organized a Sabbath-School for the children both black and white, of the inhabitants who remained there. His rich plans for the fourth Sunday were frustrated by the troops evacuating and burning the town.

He was one of the first officers connected with the regiment, and though young in his business and position, older heads all looked to him with the utmost reliance, and were always rejoiced that we had so efficient a Quartermaster.

He liked very much to sing, and in our outdoor Sunday services, by the pleasant river side, at Camp Saxton, he was always there to lead the singing, *lining off* for the men to follow. His voice was most earnest and full too, among the officers, by our evening fires, when the sweet songs of home mingled with our joy a

vein of sadness, and made the chill air without seem all the more lonesome.

Faithful, conscientious and kind, he, without ever sacrificing a principle, made friends of all who had dealings with him. I hesitate to write you, for I cannot do justice to his worth. The tallest monument his friends must ever regard to be, the thorough esteem which even a brief acquaintance with him was sure to inspire.

I am, sir, very truly,

Your most obedient servant,

GEO. W. DEWHURST,

Adjutant 1st S. C. V.

P. S.—Your request relative to Luther's grave shall receive attention as soon as I am able to be about again.

Yours,

G. W. D.

The officers of the 23d N. Y. N. G., into which he entered when he came from the seat of war, and with whom he was for a brief space, passed resolutions similar to those pass-

ed by the officers of the 1st South Carolina Volunteers.

On the day of the burial the regimental officers passed the following :

At a meeting of the 1st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, held in their camp at Beaufort, South Carolina, July 21, 1863, Lieut. Col. L. Billings presiding, it was

Resolved: Whereas the spirit of Lieut. L. M. Bingham, late Quartermaster of the 1st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, has been called to Him who gave it—the dust returning to the dust as it was—we share with his relatives and friends in the loss, and tender to them our warmest sympathies in their bereavement.

Faithful in his duties as an officer, temperate, pure in language, affectionate, his heart attached itself to those around him. While we, his fellow officers, strive to wear the mantle of all that was good in his character, we will cherish the faith that

“God calls the loved ones—but we lose not wholly
What he has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed,
As truly as in heaven.”

It was voted that a copy of the above be sent for publication to the *Free South* and *New South*, and that a copy be sent to his friends.

GEO. W. DEWHURST,

Adjutant 1st S. C. V., Secretary.

He went to the South with no great confidence in the negroes as soldiers, and not very favorable impressions as to the expediency of organizing them into military bodies. But his views underwent a very great change. He found a very large number of these men of the most undoubted and simple-hearted piety, and though unintelligent in many respects, according to our ideas, yet in others shrewd, knowing and earnest friends of the Government and the laws. He became exceedingly attached to these men, as loyal to the Government and to God, and especially did his heart warm to them for their simple and earnest faith in Jesus Christ. He never seemed so happy as when in the midst of them, hard at work. Said the Colonel-commanding, in conversation :

“I have stood and seen your son directing

the labors of these men in loading and unloading transports and doing the work which devolved upon them, and have been amazed at the incredible amount of work which he would get out of them in an incredibly short space of time. He was very strict, very thorough, and yet nobody ever heard him use a loud or angry word." "And another thing I want you to understand," said the Colonel, "in no single instance has your son been known to do an act of injustice to one of these colored men. Sometimes they complained, and when an investigation was made, he was always found to be in the right."

I will quote a few words from a letter just received from Port Royal :

"I have been round to see his grave since I came. I would like to go often, for it is a sweet place to me. I would love to go alone, and stand there, and think of his glorious power. I am stronger, purer, better for thoughts of his clear faith—his beautiful death. Stronger when I think how he seemed to see so clearly, even across the 'dark river,' to his rest beyond—with trust that never wavered,

knowing the end was peace, 'all through Christ.' Purer and better when I feel that even to me may be given of the same blessed *assurance*—seeking where *he* sought, *I too shall find*; drinking at the same fountain, I too shall receive the healing waters, making all my soul to live. While I stand there by the mound which covers his form, I think of his glory, and long for the same sweet rest in heaven—long and pray that the life God gives me here may be *all* to his glory; filled with love to him and deeds of kindness to all my fellow creatures, and at last close with the same bright trust that so beautified his last days. His life—even the little I knew of it—was full of instruction. That heart that loved and trusted so fully in Christ, that it found no room for a single doubt, spoke volumes of silent, deep truth to all who knew him. He did not live in vain, and his death—God knows its lessons to the hearts of comrades and friends."

So much from one who knew the Quartermaster, living and dying.

An officer writes: "The young Quarter-

master's life was an example 'worthy of the imitation of us all. He was beloved by all, and especially by those under his command. The officers as well as the men speak very highly of him. My acquaintance with him began but a short time before his death. During the time I was with him I found him one of the best of men. I wish our army had more Luthers in it.'"

Captain Hardy, of the 26th New York, spoke very highly of Lieutenant L. M. Bingham, and said that there was not one in the whole regiment beloved as he was. This had relation to him while he acted as Paymaster of the 26th.

I subjoin the following letter from a young lady to the eldest sister of the young Quartermaster, to show how his Christian character was regarded outside of military circles :

"Not till yesterday morning did I hear that my dear friend, your brother Luther, had joined his voice with those who sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. For a few moments I wished that he might have been spared. Then the thought came, Luther never wished his

friends back from that happy land. His prayer for them was that they might be made meet to enter there. I feel that I must tell you that I do sympathize with you. I know you do not need anything that I can say to comfort you. I love to think what a boundless source of consolation you have. Luther's life and death assure you that for him the blessed Saviour had prepared a place in the glorious mansions above. You a little longer wait, ere you are permitted to join those who have gone before. You have all the precious promises of the Word of God to sustain you. When death has called any from our family circle, we have had the assurance that we have had your prayers and sympathies. Let me assure you that to-day you are not forgotten. When I was beginning to know the meaning of the word 'motherless,' Luther wrote me a letter full of kindness and sympathy. Your dear father, too, with all his cares, found time to pity my grief, and point me to the source of all comfort. I tried to thank these friends for this unmerited kindness. Dear Willie, too, did not forget us. I have always felt that he was instrumental in

my brother's and sister's conversion. Willie prayed often for my father and brothers. Yes, Luther and Willie sent up many prayers for them—such prayers as I believe will yet be answered.

“But I want to talk to-day about Luther. How I have prized, and do, his letters! I have them all. How I love to read them! At times when I seem to question the ways of Providence, Luther taught me, as no one else did, that Infinite Wisdom could not err, nor Infinite Goodness be unkind. When I read *his* letters, I wonder if I have any faith in God at all. I heard that he had gone to Port Royal. I cannot realize that I shall not see him again. I have ever hoped that some day business might call him this way. Brother Luther is dear to me still; and ever as kind to me as a brother. Truly on his tongue was the law of kindness. He addressed me as his sister Lizzie, and said he would be my brother Luther. I love to claim him still. He is my brother still. My heart aches when I think he will never write to me again. I trust the letters he did write have not been in vain. They

do inspire me with a desire to live a more devoted life. Soon after Willie's death I put his letters with those of my dear mother, and now I will add Luther's to them. They will ever be to me as messages from the spirit world. I have often thought of the remark that Willie made to Luther a short time before he left you: 'Luther, I will wait and watch for you there.' He did not wait long. What a delightful meeting—to part no more. How short their race! How glorious the end! Truly we may say of them, they had finished the work their Heavenly Father gave them to do.

“What a kind Providence that your father could be with Luther, as he passed from earth, and his happy spirit soared to heaven, and to know that all was done for him that loving hands could do. We need not the testimony of others to tell us that Luther was faithful in the discharge of the duties assigned to him. We are sure he always tried to do his duty. I am thankful that I have had such a friend as Luther was.”

Many such testimonies as the above could be given to illustrate the character of the

young Quartermaster : all go to show how unselfish, true and faithful he was in all the relations which he sustained to others. But they will interest only those most who knew him best.

It will be abundantly evident to every reader that the Quartermaster, notwithstanding the difference in their religious faith, had the confidence and consideration of all the officers in his regiment, both staff and line. He stood up with a manly and Christian boldness for what he deemed the faith "once delivered to the saints," and he was honored all the more for his fidelity to what he esteemed to be the TRUTH.

XXIII.

New Year's Day—The Quartermaster's Last.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

HOW little the young Quartermaster knew that the New Year's day would be his last; and that before another, that body of his, so full of health and animation, would be sleeping in a grave in a church-yard in Beaufort, S. C. But so it was to be.

The New Year's day was always a joyful season to him when he was at home. He had a large circle of acquaintances and friends, with whom he was in the habit of exchanging the salutations and the good wishes of the season. His was a cheery, merry voice on these occasions. That voice can wish them no more "a happy New Year."

How did he spend his last New Year's day? A few extracts from his letters will tell.

"Friday evening, January 2, 1863. Shall I tell you how I spent yesterday? I think the day was as fine as I ever saw. The sun rose in splendor, and not a cloud was seen in the heavens during the entire day—fit emblem of the future of a race made free. Large preparations were made to celebrate the day in a fitting manner. Two boats ran to our camp, the Boston from Hilton Head, and the Flora from Beaufort, bringing all who wished to come, both white and black. There were, of course, a very great many of the colored people here. It being low tide, the steamers could not come very near to the shore. So we had to land them in small boats—flats—and whatever could be made to float. It was a busy day for me, I assure you. In the morning I took my boat and crew, and went to Beaufort for the tobacco, which the General had promised the men they should have—and also to bring down any ladies who might wish to come in that way.

"Arrived at camp, my next business was to

put on full dress and attend to the landing of the people. There was a band of music, and any quantity of notable persons here, among whom were the *Herald* correspondent, and Mr. Crane, Frank Leslie's artist. I should wish to see the account of it if you can send it to me.

People—from babies to grown up folks—being all landed, they next repaired to the stage, where were seated General Saxton and his staff, Mr. Judd, Superintendent of Contrabands, Colonel Higginson, and a number of others, with the ladies. The Regiment was formed by companies around the stage. The band gave us some excellent music.

“The Proclamation of the President was read by Dr. Brisbane, who was a former resident of South Carolina. Being convinced that slavery was wrong, he bought back all his slaves, which he had just sold, and then set them free. After the Proclamation was read, I proposed three cheers for President Lincoln, which was responded to heartily. Dr. B. next read General Saxton's greeting, and at the conclusion four times three were given for him. Then an Ode, composed for the occasion, was sung by

persons on the stage. Next came the presentation of the colors given us by the New Yorkers. Presentation speech was made to Colonel H. by Rev. Mr. French. The Colonel, of course, was expected to reply. But before he could utter a word, some one of the freedmen, without any directions, started the hymn

‘ My country, ’tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.’

Some on the stage undertook to help them sing it, when the Colonel said, ‘ Leave it to them.’

“ The effect of that simple, grand old hymn, sung by these people, as it was, and just at that time, this people so lately held as slaves, but now forever free, was wonderful.

“ The Colonel, in his remarks which followed, drew all his inspiration from it. And his speech I cannot describe. No pen can do justice to it. I seldom, if ever, have heard a better speech. Sergeant Prince Rivers was then called upon the stage, and the colors were given to him as the color-bearer of the Regiment. I have never witnessed a more solemn

thing than the Colonel's charge to Prince Rivers upon giving the flag into his hands. It drew tears from almost every eye. His charge to Captain Sutton, one of the colored guard, was very similar. Sergeant Rivers and Captain Sutton both made remarks, which were good and well received.

"The Colonel next called upon Lieutenant Bingham to lead the Regiment in singing, 'Marching Along,' which request he proceeded to comply with. It was the largest congregation that ever I undertook to lead in singing.

"After this, several speeches, interspersed with music, were delivered by General Saxton and others. After this came dinner and the general enjoyment of the good things. Then came the getting them off, and such a time I guess you never saw.

"I have tried to tell you how the day passed. It is but an imperfect description.

"I did not have a chance to get a mouthful to eat from breakfast till late in the evening. I had so much to see to that I did not want to be away.

"I hope that this, indeed, may be a happy

New Year to you, and that the blessing of God, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow, may abide with you through all the year. The old year has gone with all its blessings and privileges, and how many and rich they have been! The new year is upon us. What it hath in store for us, God only knows. We are his children—that we know, and all things shall work together for good to them that love him. How much of joy or sorrow is for us, he alone can tell. Let us live near to him, trusting in his guidance and direction.”

Here ends his account of the last New Year's day of his life, and it will be seen how it was filled up with laborious and active duties in serving others, while he cared little for himself. Who can regret that in heaven he finds his place among the glorified ones, where New Year's greetings are unknown? Whatever was the pressure upon his attention, when it was removed, his next thoughts were of heaven.

XXIV.

Full Assurance—What is it?

“My hand in Christ’s!” He leadeth where he lists,
Through flowery fields, or ’neath a starry sky;
My faith is strong, *He’ll* bring me safely through
The ills of life, till I am called to die.

“My hand in Christ’s!” I fear not what may come,
If he is mine I cannot yield to sin;
His everlasting arms are round me here,
And I can safely trust my all to him.

“My hand in Christ’s!” I care not how death comes,
Whether by pestilence, or in the fight;
I shall be safe, beneath his gentle care,
Should the sun smite by day, or moon by night.

“My hand in Christ’s” who bore up Calvary’s height
The Cross, and gave his precious life up there;
To save a wretch like me! can I e’er doubt?
Or give myself a victim to despair?

No! let me cling the closer to his side,
And with a child’s devotion hold him fast;

“My hand in his!” I’ll safely pass along,
Though storms may howl, my home I’ll gain at last.

“My hand in Christ’s!” e’en down to death’s cold flood,
He’ll bear me conqueror through the dying strife;
And safe with those who’ve only gone before,
I shall have entered on that higher life.

THE above beautiful lines were written by one who addressed the following lines to the editor who inserted in his religious paper the account of the young Quartermaster's life and death :

"Allow me to express to you my thanks for the privilege we enjoyed, in reading in your excellent paper of August 13th, the triumphant death of that Christian soldier, Lieut. Luther M. Bingham. It touched a chord of sympathy in our hearts. It may be, in part, from the fact that we too have been called to pass through just such deep waters, in the loss of a beloved son, who in the early part of the war fell a victim to camp fever, shortly after returning with his regiment, the 7th N. Y. N. G. He too was a Christian soldier, and, with the father of Luther, we can rejoice that our precious boy is 'Forever with the Lord.' Young Bingham's expression, in his letter to his father, 'All I have to do, is to place my hand in Christ's hand, and follow where he leads and marks the way,' impressed me so forcibly, that I have presumed to send you the above impromptu lines."

Such tributes of sympathy and regard are exceedingly comforting to those who have been bereaved by the stroke of death. There is a home circle which never will fail to feel the sad loss of one who contributed much to its happiness. It was often said of him that he was the life of the house. He was certainly a *light* in the house, and that light now is in no way dimmed or removed. It shines brighter than ever.

He felt fully assured of salvation, because he felt assured of the favor of God through Jesus Christ. He walked in the light of his countenance day by day. He had not a doubt of his acceptance with God.

I have been asked many a time since the death of the young Quartermaster, how a man can have this faith in God, so as to feel assured that through Jesus Christ he has a peace with God, which is never to be questioned or disturbed.

I have asked myself the question, "What is this faith of assurance?" and I have asked others to explain it, and tell me how I may know that it is mine. And I may be

allowed here to introduce a correspondence, which found its way into the columns of the religious press, as illustrating the great inquiry of the multitude who will read these pages. Who can read of the death of the young Quartermaster, and not desire that his last end may be like his. Some may not—most will have such desire.

THE FATHER'S LETTER.

My Dear Friend: For so I love to call you, having often found you willing to hear, to sympathize and help in the time of trouble. But it is not as one in trouble that I now come. The bitterness of death is past. In the grave of my dear son I buried all wish to have my will done, and now it is my supreme desire that God shall have all things according to his own good pleasure, for his thoughts and ways are higher and better than ours. If I could not see this, I would yet believe it, for hath he not said it, and hath not his Son said, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." But I want light and help to find in my own soul's sweet experience the

same strong consolation that my son had when he was on his deathbed. I have often heard you say that dying grace is given only to the dying : that we cannot find help to-day for the wants of to-morrow, and that each day must provide its own supplies. All this I know and appreciate fully, nor do I wish to anticipate the will and wisdom of God who giveth liberally, and never deserts his children in the hour of trial.

But this is a time of war. The soldier is always a dying man. If every one is bound to live each day as though it were his last, not knowing what a day or an hour may bring with it, this is emphatically true with the soldier, whose life is in his hand : who is exposed to sudden death on the battlefield, and more exposed in the hardships, and dangers of the march and the camp. They die daily. They must feel themselves appointed to death. Now it is for them, as well as for myself, that I write this letter, to ask you to tell me how to find and get that ASSURANCE OF FAITH, which overcomes all fear of death, and makes the soul tranquil in times of storm and tempest, being safe in the promises of God's Word. Do

you believe it to be possible for the soldier of the Cross to be so sure of his acceptance with God that he can go into battle without an anxious thought when he anticipates a messenger of death? And is it my privilege to know that Christ is mine and I am his? And to live with this knowledge day by day, enjoying the light of his face and the fruit of his love?

You have often spoken to me freely on those things that concern the soul's deepest experiences, and I want you to put into written expression, the results of your own reflection and reading, that I may use your words in ministering to the soldiers of our beloved country, who are dearer to me than ever, now that my brave and noble boy fills a Christian soldier's grave.

Faithfully yours, L. G. B.

THE REPLY.

Your inquiries are the expressed yearnings of millions. The heart longs after rest: rest in God: the peace that comes with an assurance that we are the children of God and heirs with Christ to an everlasting inheritance

in heaven. This is not to be confounded with the inquiry whether it is possible for one who has been born of God to fall away into perdition. That is quite another question, and I presume does not agitate your mind, because you wish to know what is the privilege of the believer while he lives a life of faith, denying the world, and seeking the glory of God, as his highest good. Such a believer, so living, is as safe as if he were now treading the golden pavements of Paradise. His life is hid with Christ in God. He may walk into the field of carnage and blood, face death in the breach of the wall or at the cannon's mouth ; on sea or land, in the storm or pestilence ; he may be cast into the den of lions or the fiery furnace ; he may lie down in the swamp or hospital and wait the coming of the last enemy that is to be destroyed, and in the midst of these scenes that fill men's souls with dread, he may confidently say, "*I know* that my Redeemer lives, and that I shall see God when my soul is free!"

Such an assurance is the result of simple trust in the mercy of God through the blood of Christ. It is a gift, bought for the believer

with the life of his Saviour. You will not obtain it by any process of reasoning to convince yourself that you are a Christian, and therefore have a right to salvation. It is above the operations of the reasoning faculties, having its essence in the affections which have been renewed by the Spirit and brought into harmonious union with the mind and will of Christ, so that "of this fullness," the believer receives "grace for grace," and rests in it contentedly for salvation from sin, and death its penalty. This is the faith that overcometh the world. Study that wonderful verse which is written in the book of the Revelation (xxi, 7), "He that overcometh shall inherit all things : and I will be his God and he shall be my son." Taking such a promise and resting on it as a child trusts to the word of an indulgent father, the believer dismisses all fear and finds perfect peace.

You have often heard me say that happiness is not a good to be sought after, so much as a result to be taken and enjoyed as it comes in the pursuit of the higher good, the GLORY OF GOD. It is true also that this assurance is not

to be made an object of pursuit, as an end, but it is to come as the free gift of God to them who, trusting in his Son, seek to do his will. "He that keepeth this commandment dwelleth in Him and He in him. And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us." "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear." This is the secret of the Lord which is with them that fear him. It seems to me, my dear friend, that much needless anxiety has been expended on the subject of your inquiry, and that to dismiss that anxiety is the privilege and duty of every one who has made his peace with God by the blood of the Cross. "Assurance of faith" is nothing more nor less than present consciousness of acceptance with God for the sake of his dear Son. It is the spirit of adoption. It is one of the benefits which flow from justification, being followed by peace of conscience, and joy in the Holy Ghost. No man, no saint on earth or in heaven, can get enough evidence of his being in Christ now, to warrant him in dismissing the subject for the future, and living on the past while he goes on in sin. *Faith is a living,*

continuous, everlasting exercise. It abides with the believer forever. And while it is in lively exercise, it takes hold on eternal things and brings them near to present comprehension and enjoyment, so that things to come are part of the soul's experience while yet they are far off.

There is no other scriptural assurance of faith than a strong consciousness of reconciliation with God, begetting perfect love that casteth out fear, and bringing the soul into union with Christ. Thus joined to him, the soldier may be and will be at peace in the heat of battle, or in the struggles of death.

“Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace
If Christ be in my arms.”

Death-shots may be falling thick and fast around him, but he fears them not. Even in that hour he may sing :

“Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my vital breath.

I'll go and come
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call'st me home."

My soldier friend! you have read thus far, it may be, and do not know what is the faith that worketh by love and casteth out fear. The Quartermaster had it. The last question I asked him was if he had any fear, and he shook his head. I knew he had none. There was a handwriting on his face that told me that all was peace—a peace that knows no measure or bounds. I shall never forget the expression of that manly face. It was not only placid, but joyful and full of the highest moral beauty. So he died—

A mortal paleness on his face,
But glory in his soul.

XXV.

The Light Dawning.

We are living—we are dwelling
In a grand, eventful time,
In an age—on ages telling—
To be living is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
Truth and error to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth? 'tis creation
Groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play, then? will ye dally
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehorah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up! oh up! thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight,
And the blazoned Cross unfolding,
ON! right ONWARD—for the fight.

A BRIGHTER day is breaking. We are
standing in the dawning light of a more
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glorious era. The Lord goes before us and is working out great changes for us. To what events these may lead is a matter of faith. What personal sacrifices' will have to be made in the working out of unanticipated results, no one can tell. Many a heart may be wrung with bitter sorrow, and many a house be filled with mourning, while God is all along conducting us to a glorious future as a nation.

The young Quartermaster seemed to have a glimpse of coming events, such as might involve his own life, but never having a doubt of a happy issue out of all our troubles.

He writes :

"I feel that my life will be spared, and that I shall be returned to you in safety. Oh ! how bright and glowing the future will be ; for it has much of happiness in store for us. Let us try and be worthy of it.

"Possibly I may not be spared to return. God may have other and higher ends to serve in my death. If so, I ask to be made and found submissive to his will, whatever it may be."

Often in his letters he makes similar allusions to the fiery ordeal through which the

country is called to pass—involving his own life it might be—but leading out of this darkness into a day grand and glorious for us as a nation, brighter far than the boldest imagination has dared to paint. While he anticipated coming home, he seems to have been strongly impressed with the idea that, in regard to him, God had other purposes in view. His constant frame of mind was perfect submission to God's holy will, whatever it might be as regards himself. His love of country kept pace with his unwavering love of God, and his confidence in God that he had great blessings in store for us as a people was never abated, but was constantly advancing.

Such should be the confidence of every Christian soldier. He should never lose sight of the causes of this war—of the enormous and appalling iniquity of rebellion—of the daring and gigantic conspiracy that would overthrow our government—and of the doom that sooner or later must come upon traitors. At the same time, the Christian soldier must believe that God will bring order out of confusion, and light out of darkness, and make the wrath of man to

praise him, and the remainder he will restrain ; and while he says, " Behold I have set before you an open door and no man shall shut it," he must believe that a God of love and mercy, while he commands us " to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free, will find his own methods to fulfill the great designs and purposes of his grace to us, an undeserving nation, in making us a people to his praise.

The Union as it was when it came from the hands of its framers and founders, was a Union dedicated to freedom. The statesmen who made the Constitution were nearly all opposed to slavery. They deplored its existence. They refused to have it recognized or sanctioned in the instrument they drew. They wished and expected that it would soon die out. But they were mistaken. Invention and commerce gave it value ; value transformed it from an evil into a good. Supposed sectional interest became a religion. The teachers of Christianity found the Bible to be the advocate of oppression. All this and more has been asserted elsewhere, by men who comprehended their own meaning and their own undertaking. They have de-

clared that the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is were both wrong, because both contemplated the destruction of slavery. They rebelled against the ballot-box, against the Constitution of their country, and against the universal sentiment of enlightened, Christian nations. They assailed the fundamental principles of social, political, and religious science, by denying the manhood of the negro, by insisting that capital should own labor, and by trampling on the hopes and aspirations of that democratic order of government which has its roots and its sustenance in the Word of God.

Thus the issue was fairly and squarely made. Everybody could know precisely what was proposed by the leaders in secession. Everybody might see that they had incited an insurrection, not against a political party, but against the Constitution ; not against a section, but against freedom ; not against their own Government only, but against the rights of mankind, under all governments whatsoever. The rebellion claimed ability to bring nations to it as suppliants for its one principal commercial commodity. It made its proclamations for the estab-

lishment of a vast slave empire, that should encircle the Gulf. It undertook to subvert and pervert the anti-slavery sentiment of the world. At the very moment when nations were applauding the Emperor of the Russians and the Government of Holland for liberating millions of bondmen, the foolish and blind guides of the South sent missionaries to convert England and the continent to a pro-slavery faith. The insolent assumptions involved in these boasts and pretensions could not but awaken both surprise and horror. The world was amazed, and the loyal people of the free States saw that they were required, not only to support their Government and defend the nation, but that they must oppose also, to the extent of their ability, and destroy root and branch, a growth of rampant and heaven-defying barbarism, which was stretching itself to overshadow the whole garden of American civilization.

Who, then, were the authors of the ruin that has come, and will still come, more and more, upon slavery as a political and domestic institution? *Before* the war, it was hedged in and defended by law, conscience, and the ballot-

box. All its defences are *now* gone, and will never more be restored. The days of slavery are well-nigh ended. Its political power certainly is gone, and gone forever. What has happened in some States, will happen elsewhere. So soon as the people of the Southern States shall be allowed liberty of speech and of action, they will rid themselves of that primeval curse, which was permitted to exist in partnership with the blessing of freedom, from the beginning of our Government. For we think it must be admitted that the Southern people as such—at least scarcely a majority of them were voluntary rebels. They were themselves coerced, by violence and fraud, into an attitude they would not have chosen.

But now the iron has entered their souls. Want, suffering, affliction, bereavement, and distress as sharp and severe as can well befall a people, have become the portion of their cup. Deceived, betrayed, plundered, and oppressed, the people of the South, as distinguished from their political guides and destroyers, have seen, through blood and tears, that slavery costs too much, when it requires the sacrifice of every-

thing which high-minded men value. We have witnessed already something far more than the beginning of the end. For, as territories or States have been reclaimed to their allegiance, new leaders have arisen to pilot the worn and wearied people of the South through their wilderness.

This great revolution in opinion, both at the North and in the South, respecting the incompatibility of slavery and freedom, is the direct result of the war. It will rid the nation of an evil entailed upon it while yet in its dependent and colonial state ; which the great and good men of the past feared and deplored ; which has corrupted manners and morals, enslaved parties, generated the most malignant controversies, and threatened the very existence of the Union.

The cause which we have supported, resting upon right and opposing a gigantic wrong, has been signally favored of God. To him be all the praise and honor and glory, for our large and wonderful successes. He raised up men of valor, and strengthened their hands for war. He gave the inspiration of courage to men

trained to believe peace among the largest of blessings. Defeats and disasters have been sent, indeed, to humble our pride, repress our vanity, and show us the real sources of our strength. And yet there have been all the while steady progress towards the grand conclusions which appear to be now almost reached.

The expectations of the wicked have been cut off, and their hopes have perished day by day. Disappointed in their hoping for divisions at the North, and in their desires for armed intervention from abroad, their currency worthless, their cabinet and armies filled with distractions and discontent, their people under them well-nigh ready to mutiny, their principal towns occupied or beleaguered by Union forces their territory dissevered, their main army flying before victorious legions—routed, spoiled, and in part captured—their granaries nearly empty, their resources in men all impressed into a hateful service, starvation threatening their capital, property and life everywhere insecure, save only where the old flag waves, without sympathy from any people of any country under

the sun, and without a single worthy motive to animate and sustain them—the leaders of the rebellion are disclosed now to the world as a band of miscreants, whose conspicuous infamy is, that to gratify their personal ambition, they have decimated their own people, and filled the whole land with lamentation, mourning, and tears. But the night wanes, and the day is at hand, when, shimmering over the Atlantic wave, and glistening along the granite hills of New England, and flooding over the Alleghanies, and rushing down into the broad valley of the Mississippi, and over the vast prairies of the remoter West, on to the shores of the Pacific, shall come that blessed light which shall illumine, in their peaceful industry, a nation reunited under the flag of constitutional order, and knit together again, in all its parts, by the healing ministries of love and confidence and mutual friendship, restored and hallowed by the memory of common wrongs and common sufferings.

But while rebellion has been thus gradually and surely reduced to extremities, what a spectacle of marvelous prosperity have the loyal

States presented! Abundant harvests, sufficient for their own needs, with a surplus for exportation; labor everywhere amply rewarded; art, literature, science, and religion performing their humane tasks; schools, and colleges, and seminaries of learning filled with ingenuous youth devoted to the service of freedom; our cities crammed with the commodities of every clime; our commerce performing its mission of peace to distant nations; and the people, though intent upon prosecuting an immense war, are so sure, nevertheless, of its victorious end, that they are enabled still to conduct the great enterprises of peace, as though no sounds of hostile cannon were heard in the land. We say not these things to inflate vanity or encourage boastfulness. The Discerner of hearts knows we have enough to humble us. Political corruption still creeps with serpentine subtlety in high places and low. Selfish intrigues impede military operations, and so hinder progress. Unscrupulous demagogues make merchandise of the loyal sensibilities of their dupes, and many a once happy home asks in vain for the loved ones who have fallen in the

high places of the field, to return no more forever. Notwithstanding all these, the Lord has done great things for us, whereof we have reason to be devoutly glad.

Let us continue to pray for peace, and for the return of our enemies to our brotherhood and friendship. Let us stand by the Government, whatever may be its faults of administration. Let us encourage our army and navy in every way possible ; let us keep one object, and just now only one in our view—and that is the armed suppression of the armed bands of traitors. We have no olive-branch for men with gleaming swords and shotted cannon ready for the destruction of our liberties. We have nothing but red-handed war for the enemies of our country, until their armies shall have been scattered like leaves of autumn, and their leaders overwhelmed with the tempest of our most righteous and most Christian indignation. When this task shall have been accomplished to the uttermost, then peace and good-will we owe and must give to the people of the Southern States. Do not let us talk of their subjugation. They are Americans and

our brothers. Do not let us talk of annihilating their States, and depriving them of their franchises. The prodigal son was received, when he returned, with wine, and music, and dancing, and feasting. And are we so righteous that we cannot forgive repenting sinners? Are we so blameless in our political lives, that we can overlook no political wrongs in others, when once they have been forsaken? No! no! We are again to be a nation of brethren. Our domestic animosities will come to an end, and there will be a North and a South, an East and a West, so happily wedded in the sacred trust of national love, that even our aristocratic enemies abroad will be constrained to say, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Happy day! that shall witness the new espousals, and hear the nuptial hymn resounding over the land.

Yes, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are just at hand.

The young Quartermaster has gone. He lived not to see them; but he saw and antici-

pated them by the eye of faith. Oh! have faith in God, ye soldiers of Liberty—Fraternity—Union—a union of hands and hearts and States,—all these, NOW and FOREVER.

18*

XXVI.

A Citizen of Heaven.

Mansions are prepared above
By the gracious God of love;
Many will those mansions see.
Is there one prepared for me?

Crowns that dazzle human eye
Wait for those who reach the sky;
Many will those bright crowns be.
Is there one prepared for me?

Robes of spotless white are given
By the gracious King of Heaven:
All can have them—they are free.
Is there one prepared for me?

Harps of solemn sound above
Swell loud praises to his love:
Oh! how sweet their sound will be.
Is there one prepared for me?

Let me ask my thoughtful heart,
Shall I with the blest take part?
Shall I, Lord, thy glory see?
Is such bliss prepared for me?

THE mission of the young Quartermaster is fulfilled. I confess that I never think of it without a pang. This was not so painful

at first as now. The old feeling comes and I say, "Can his mission be ended? Might he not have gone into some other sphere of duty and done more for the honor of his Divine Master? Might he not have lived longer, been more happy, done more good, diffused more blessings around him, and been more generally useful?" And I would fain say he might.

"Ought I to have urged him to go into the Department of the South, to take upon himself such heavy responsibilities and the performance of such exhausting duties?"

"Did he die in the right time, and in the right place, and did he not die out of time and out of place, in consequence of some influence which I have exerted?"

That once he had doubts on these points I know.

He writes from Port Royal :

"You say, 'I am so thankful that you are not in the Army of the Potomac or in the Ironsides either. If you must be doing service for your country, I would rather you would be where you are. How do you feel about it?'"

"You know I have great respect to the way

I felt at the time when I enlisted. I felt as if I ought to enlist in the 59th New York, and go with Rev. Mr. Scudder. I felt that *there* was my place, and *there* was where God in his providence designed that I should be. I did not, however, follow this feeling, but enlisted in the Ironsides, expecting the while to receive my present appointment. I cannot do away with my first feelings. It seems as if I ought to be in the 59th New York Regiment. There was a day that I had hard work to resist the impulse to go immediately and enlist in that regiment. And I should not be at all surprised if I should find that I had missed it by a long way in coming down here."

Afterwards, he became convinced that he was in just the place God had marked out for him, and was most devoutly thankful that he was in the Department of the South, and in a regiment of colored men.

I am truly and unfeignedly thankful that God gave me a son who was willing to peril his life in promoting the cause of human liberty and the establishment of the supremacy of constitutional law and order over the land.

I am filled with gratitude that God enabled him to witness a good confession, before many witnesses, of his unwavering faith in God through Jesus Christ. I am fully satisfied that God was preparing him by all these means for an abundant entrance into his heavenly kingdom.

I remember with profound thankfulness that my dear soldier-boy, on each occasion, when he was going away into the army, came into the Fulton-Street Prayer-meeting and asked the prayers of the meeting that God would go with him and aid him in all his duties, and enable him to be a faithful witness for Jesus Christ under all circumstances and in every place. I remember that he did this of his own motion, and in no case did he ask prayer for his *life*. But he *did* want them to pray that the life which he lived here in the flesh, might be lived by the faith of the Son of God, that when he who is the believer's life should appear, he might appear with him also in glory.

And I have the most unshaken conviction that God was pleased to answer the prayers which were offered in his behalf, by that holy

keeping with which he was kept through faith unto salvation. I remember how fervent he made his appeals to his Christian brethren to be remembered by them when he should be far away. This desire lived with him on the camping-ground and on the march, and hence we are not surprised that he writes as follows :

“ Do not forget to pray for me, that I may be kept true to the love of Jesus in my soul. As I came in to-night, I rested my hand upon the brow of one of our men who had just left this world of care and sorrow. Life had been gone but a few moments ; yet in that few moments how great the change ! And here I am, with death all around me, and myself liable to meet it at any moment. I want daily to live so that it shall be for me but the passing to a higher and better life. If I should be called home without ever seeing you again on earth, I want you to feel that I have only gone on before, and that on that bright, radiant shore I shall wait to welcome you.”

I am thankful that he never wrote home a single letter after he went away that did not

abound with the expression of such sentiments and such desires as these.

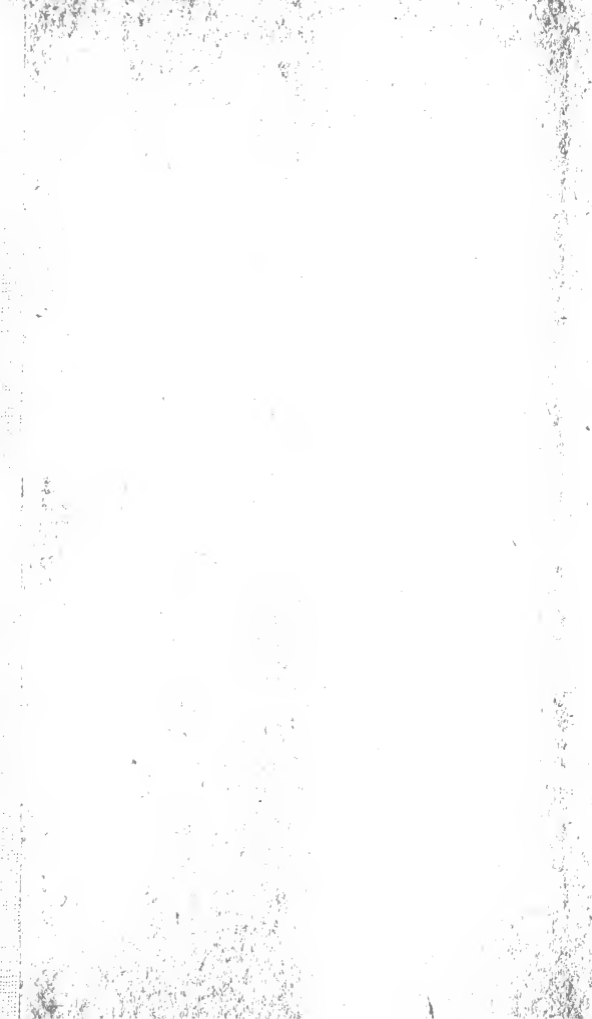
His citizenship was on high. He had not come unto the Mount that might not be touched and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest ; but he had come unto Mount Zion, and unto the City of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the General Assembly, and Church of the First Born, which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel.

We can now see within the veil, and get impressions as tangible as if seeing with mortal eyes, with the aids of the Word and Spirit, that he has come into possession of all that he prayed for and longed for here, and that he has become a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God. We stand, by his death, connected, not so much with the seen and temporal, as with the unseen and eternal. Oh ! how I adore the matchless grace and

mercy that so effectually called him, a poor, wandering, sinful boy, into the kingdom of God's grace below, and now into the kingdom of his glory above.

The call is now to all the youth of our land, in our army and navy, in our congregations and Sabbath Schools, in our colleges and schools of learning,—to follow in the footsteps of the young Quartermaster, so far as he followed Christ, our great and glorious Example, devoting their powers to his service, and their lives to the promotion of his cause.

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